THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

For FEBRUARY, 1802.

CONTAINING,

	Page
A Hunter thrown out	239
Description of the Carriage-Match at Newmarket	240
Pedigree of Abba Thulle	241
Coursing	242
Sporting Intelligence extra	243
Essex Fox-Hunting, &c.	244
Life, &c. of Col. G. Hanger, continued	245
Modern Amazons	247
Account of the native Dog, &c. of New South Wales, continued	248
History of ancient and modern Coursing	250
Characters at the late Ranelagh Masquerade	253
Grand Diplomatic Spectacle	254
A Whimsical Wager	ib.
Penurious Characters	251
Smiles and Tears; a singular adventure	256
Entertaining Account of the Festivals and Diversions of the Modern Greeks of Corfu	257
Ingenious Plots of French Dramatists	258
Ludicrous Bet, and Legal Decision	259
Extract from the Comedy of the Poor Gentleman	260
Various Amusements, &c. in Russia, continued	264
Sarcastic Observations on Bull-baiting	266
Boxers and their Bail	269
Pleasant Anecdote relative to Hot-house Plants	272
Ipswich Fracas and its Consequences	273
Qui-Tam Action against Poulterers for selling Game	275
Duel	276
Remarkable Duel prevented	ib.
Novel Exhibitions on Ice	ib.
Generosity in a Sailor	277
The Cabinet, a new Comic Opera	ib.
Answer to Dr. Lettsom, on the Preservation of small Birds	279
Gambols at Huntly Lodge	281
Snipes, their first Appearance, &c.	282
New Cure for the Staggers	283
Extraordinary Escape	284
A Farmer's Description of the Illuminations in London	ib.
New Method of getting rid of a Poacher	287
Account of a pair of Horse-Doctors	288
Wolves, Mr. Dressing, &c.	289
FEAST OF WIT	290
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE	293

POETRY.

Hunting Songs from the Comic Opera of the Cabinet	297
On seeing the Interior of Warwick Castle	ib.
The Fakenham Ghost	298
The Little Green Man	ib.
The Force of Habit; a Tale	299
The Year 1802	300
Evening; a Simile	ib.

[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving, from the Design of Mr. TOMSON, by Mr. SCOTT, of A HUNTER THROWN OUT; and an Etching of an EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE, by Mr. HOWITT.]

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-Mall, opposite St. James's Palace; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. Justins, Printer, Warwick-Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gentleman who transmitted a large packet from Dublin, with various pedigrees, &c. claims our sincere acknowledgment of his good wishes for the success and improvement of The Sporting Magazine. His letter, with the description of the carriage, engraved for Number CV. of this Work, and some of the pedigrees which accompanied them, distinguish our pages for the present month.

Our old Correspondent at Bath, who informs us that he has all our Volumes, *ab initio, elegantly bound*, will perceive that his communications occupy a place in our Poetical Department. We heartily sympathise with him in his *podagrous confinement*, and wish him all the mitigation that a genuine acquaintance with the Muses will admit of.—We have not the least objection to the *Beatification*, or the *Apotheosis* of the *Grazier* alluded to.

A. B. who writes from Castle-Hedingham, will see that we have availed ourselves of some of his humourous sketches of modern manners in our present Number. In our next we shall endeavour to make use of the whole of his packet.

X. Y.; a Juvenile Sportsman; and several other favours, are only postponed through the press of temporary matter.

☞ The essence and point of a good article in the Feast of Wit, in our last Magazine, is totally lost, by an error of the press, page 299, beginning, "An eminent physician;"—it should have read, "a dismissing fee of *five guineas*," not *two guineas*;—the mention of *two* guineas spoils the subsequent part of the article.

The Portrait of Hyale was from a Drawing of Mr. Tomson, of Nottingham, and not from any Design of Mr. Sartorious, as stated, by mistake, on the Cover, and in the Title-page, of last Month's Magazine.

Clifton Tomson, Nottingham, del.

A Hunter Thrown out.

Pub. Mar. 1. 1802, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1802.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE I.

A HUNTER THROWN OUT.

[An Engraving by Mr. SCOTT, from a Drawing of Mr. CLIFTON TOMSON, of Nottingham.]

THIS subject is taken from an occurrence which the artist, Mr. Tomson, himself, witnessed. A gentleman, *thrown out*, rode up to a gate, that two poor children were opening to let him pass; "which way did the hounds go," said he.—"Through this gate, Sir. The *red coats* are all gone down here, Sir," answered the children.—The gentleman for a moment checked his impatience, to give the little informants something for their trouble and intelligence.

This constitutes all that can be said on the Engraving, except it be to notice an act of charity, and to remind all Sportsmen, and others, enjoying the bounty of Heaven, never, when out, to give trouble to the humble and needy, without acting after the manner of THE HUNTER THROWN OUT.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Dublin, Jan. 19, 1802.

GENTLEMEN,

HEREWITH you will receive the pedigrees, &c. of famous horses, together with a short description of the famous Carriage Match, at Newmarket, to illustrate the Plate you gave of it in one of your former Numbers. As you have given us a Chronological History of Boxing, I beg leave to suggest to you a Chronological History of the Turf from the earliest period, being convinced it would prove very acceptable to the majority of your readers; I can answer for many on this side the water. I likewise beg leave to suggest to you, when the Twentieth Volume is completed, to give a general Index, and a List of the Plates contained in the whole; it might be given (with portraitures of horses) as a Supplement, if you think proper.

I should be very much obliged to any of your Subscribers, if they could inform me (through the medium of your Magazine) the colour and marks of a filly, called Dame Quickly (Mr. Vernon's

non's), and the horse, called Corydon (the Duke of Ancaster's), or their portraitures; they were in training in the years 1774 and 5. Beg leave to return you and Mr. Tomson, thanks for the two portraitures he has already given, and hope he will favour us with many more; among which, if it were convenient, I would wish to point out Coriander, Abba Thulle, (of which I will give a pedigree, &c.) Clay Hall, Satellite, Whip, Volunteer, Vertumnus, Fortunio, Holyhock, Javelin, John Bull, Alexander, Pegasus, Pipator, Sir Peter Teazle, Fidget, Trumpator, Young Eclipse, Soldier, Tamerlane, Trimmer, Bobtail, Cockfighter, Vivaldi, Jack Andrews, Expectation, Expedition, Sir Harry, Spread Eagle, Symmetry, Champion, Rolla, Seagull, His Lordship, Scorpion, Heart of Oak, Overton, Stamford, Gohanna, Kilton, Knowsley, Mendoza, Asparagus, Toby, Tickle Toby, Drone, Spear, Halbert, King Bladud, Jonah, Tarter, Schedoni, Archduke, Ambrosia, Telegraph, Timothy Warter, Humbug, Wrangler, Spoliator, Speculator, Pet, Poppinjay, Dick Andrews, Kill Devil, Magpie, Minos, Driver, Oscar, Sorcerer, Chippenham, Worthy, Laborie, Old Highflyer, Ambo, Dubscelper, Surprize, Balloon, Precipitate, Weathercock, Ruler, Aurelius, Jubilator, Funow, Harpator, Gunpowder, Bubble, Schoolboy, Bustler, Didelot, Razor, St. George, Calomel, Aimator, Sheet Anchor, Split Pigeon, Sparrowhawk, Admiral Nelson, Young Magpie, Boaster, Jack-a-lanthorn, Phenomenon, Flying Gib, Combatant, Challenger, Weazel, Harry Rowe, Pepper-pot, Wonder, Dart, and Sir W. Aston's Anthony.

I shall write again the first opportunity, if I see the inclosed make its appearance in your Magazine, as I shall then be assured of its being acceptable. At the same time I must request of you to give us portraits of horses as [illegible] as you possibly can; as likewise their pedigrees, &c. Your's, a constant reader,

T. E. A. B.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARRIAGE MATCH, AT NEWMARKET,

Made between the Earls of March and Eglingtown, with Theobald Taaffe, and Andrew Sprowle, Esqrs. for 1000gs.

THE conditions of the articles were, to get a carriage with four running wheels, with a man in it, to be drawn by four horses, nineteen miles in one hour; which was performed in fifty-three minutes and twenty-seven seconds. The pole was small, but lapped with fine wire; the perch had a plate underneath; two cords went on each side from the back to the fore carriage, fastened to springs; the harness was of thin leather covered with silk; the seat for the man to sit on was of leather straps, covered with velvet; the boxes of the wheels were brass, and had tins of oil to drop slowly for one hour on the axle-trees, to prevent its taking fire; the breechens for the horses were whalebone; the bars were small wood, strengthened with steel springs, as were most parts of the carriage, but all so light that a man could carry the whole with the harness, being but one hundred and a half. The near fore horse was a brown one, named Tawney (Mr. Greville's), was rode by William Errat, who had the conducting the rate to go at; the off fore horse was a dark grey, named Roderick Random (late Mr. Stanford's); the near wheel-

wheel-horse was a chesnut, named Chance, late Duke Hamilton's, and the off wheel-horse, a grey, named, Single peeper (Mr. Thompson's, of Beverley—Little Dan being ill, did not run): they had all bolsters to preserve their shoulders, and the traces, by an ingenious contrivance, ran into boxes with springs, when any of them hung back, to prevent the traces getting under their legs. It started on Wednesday, August 29, 1750, about seven o'clock in the morning, near the six-mile-house, and ran between the warren and rubbing-houses; came through at the ditch called the Running Gap, then turned to the right, and run three times round a corded piece of ground of four miles, and then back to the place it started from. This match was performed before a great number of spectators, without any person attempting to ride with it, except Mr. Geo. Tuting, and Lord March's groom, who waited on them to assist in case of accident: it was timed by Dr. Monsey, Mr. Deard, and Mr. Rowley. The horses were all bred and trained for running. The two leaders, including bridles, saddles, riders, and harness, carried about 8st. each, the wheel-horses about 7st. each; the man on the carriage was to fulfil the articles. The carriage was invented by Mr. J. Wright, of Long-Acre: two or three other carriages had been made before, but disapproved, and several horses killed in trials, to the expence of six or seven hundred pounds.—Roderick Random was sold afterwards for ninety guineas, Single-peeper sold for fifty, Tawney sold for one hundred and ten guineas. Chance afterwards covered at Barnet.

[An Engraving of this Chaise-Match, was given in the Sporting Magazine, No. 105, for June, 1801.]

1. Abba Thulle.

HE was got by Young Marske, his dam, by Chatsworth, grand dam, by Engineer, Wilson's Arabian, Hutton's Spot, Mogul, Old Crab, Bay Bolton, Curwen's Bay Barb, Old Spot, white-legged Lowther barb, Vintner mare, bred by Mr. Dodsworth, and foaled in 1786. In 1789, he won Fifty Pounds at Durham, beating Bellona and Maria; in 1790, he won Fifty Pounds at Hexham, beating Brickdust, Duckwing, and Orleans; and Fifty Pounds, beating Ticket, Ratler, and two others. At Lancaster, he won Fifty Pounds, beating Lord Derby's Director; and next day, he again beat Director and Ostrich, for Fifty Pounds. At Doncaster, he won the Gold Cup, beating Duke of Norfolk's, Dubscelper, Mr. Garforth's Harold, and two others. Dubscelper was the favourite; the odds were four to one against Abba Thulle, who won easy. In 1791, at Nantwich, he won a Sweepstakes of Ten Guineas each, fifteen Subscribers, beating Sir C. Turner's Weathercock, and Mr. Legh's Harlot; the rest paid. He also beat Citizen, for Fifty Pounds, at Preston, Fifty Pounds at Lancaster. At Richmond, he won the Cup, beating Dubscelper, Windlestone, and Pencil. At Morpeth, he walked over for Fifty Pounds, and Fifty Pounds at Dumfries; won Fifty Pounds at Perth, and the King's Plate at Carlisle, beating Pleader and Whitelegs. He then became the property of John Clifton, Esq. and in 1792, won a Sweepstake of Ten Guineas each, nine Subscribers, at Nantwich. At Preston, he won Fifty Pounds, beating Telescope; and, at Doncaster, he beat Microscope, for Fifty Pounds, 1793. At Nantwich, he won a Sweepstakes of Fifteen

Guineas

Guineas each, fifteen Subscribers, beating five others, and the Cup at Richmond, beating five others.

(*To be continued.*)

Coursing.

WE believe it is pretty clearly understood, that the Rev. Bate Dudley, of Bradwell Hall, Essex, was the gentleman who, under the signature of *Old Soho*, challenged the North Country Greyhounds to meet his. The gentleman who accepted this, it is said, was Major Topham, of Wold Cottage, who, on the part of Yorkshire, offered to run the whole South of England over the Flixton Wold. Captain Topham, however, could never be prevailed on to run his greyhounds in the *South*, and Mr. Dudley declining, for the very good reasons already stated in a former Magazine, to run his dogs in the *North*, the challenge rests undecided.

Several gentlemen met at Newmarket, on Monday the 1st inst. with a view to establish a coursing party, which continued the three following days; during which, several matches were run, and plenty of hares being found by the company, (it being an established rule that no hare-finders should be encouraged) produced excellent sport. The hares were, in general, fleeter than their opponents. Sir Samuel Fludyer's bitch beat Mr Goodison's bitch, for five guineas; and the same winner beat Mr. Lacey's bitch. Considerable bets were depending upon this match. A bitch, belonging to F. Tysson, Esq. eighteen months old, beat Mr. Baddison's bitch; the winner was sold for twenty guineas.—It is expected, from the accommodation the gentlemen received in the field, as well as in the town, that a coursing meeting will be periodically continued.

Rockley Coursing Meeting, Feb. 1, 1802.

A Sweepstakes of One Guinea each.

Mr. Pickering's Pink, beat Mr. Williams's Dash. Mr. Pitt's Pistol, beat Mr. Blagrave's Smoker. Dr. Vilett's Promise, beat Mr. Woolrych's Willing. Mr. Corcellis's Caustic, lost against Mr. Long's Laurel, by a toss.

The Winners matched again.

Mr. Pitt's Pistol, beat Mr. Pickering's Pink. Dr. Vilett's Promise, beat Mr. Long's Laurel.—Dr. V. and Mr. P. divided it.

Matches.

Mr. Goodlake's Gipsey, beat Mr. Methuen's Miss. Mr. Goodlake's Good-for-naught, beat Mr. Methuen's Mungrell. Mr. Pickering's Portia, beat Sir C. Mallet's Matchim. Sir C. Mallet's Matilda, beat Mr. Goodlake's Venus. Mr. Corcellis's Cango received forfeit from Mr. Methuen's Miss.

Feb 2, 1802.

Mr. Davenport's Nimble, beat Mr. Pickerings Pest. Mr. Davenport's Tippoo, beat Mr. Pickering's Pain. Mr. Goodlake's Trinket, beat Mr. Long's Lucy. Mr. Pickering's Presto, beat Mr. William's Fly, Mr. Goodlake's ginger, against Mr. Pickering's Plot, und. Mr. Woolrich's Wilful, against Sir C. Mallet's Mayhap, und. Mr. Methuen's Maggot, beat Mr. Pitt's Pandora. Sir C. Mallett's Marplot, against Mr. Pickering's Plutus, und. Mr. Goodlake's Good-for-naught, beat Mr. Pickering's Pink. Sir C. Mallet's Matilda, beat Mr. Pitt's Psyche. Mr. Corcellis's Castle, beat Mr. Williams's Nabob. Mr. Pickering's Pantaloon,

loon, beat Mr. Pitt's, Pegasus. Mr. Goodlake's Ginger, beat Mr. Corcellis's Catch-him. Mr. Corcellis's Bess, received forfeit from Mr. Methuen's Mungrel.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

THE Yorkshire Gentlemen, following the example of those at Newmarket, have been handicapping the North Country Horses, to run at York, in August next. The owners are allowed till the 31st of March to accept the proposal, and there is to be no Race for either of the Stakes without there are five Subscribers to it. The weights, &c. proposed, are as follows:—

SATURDAY BEFORE THE YORK AUGUST MEETING, 1802.

The York Oatlands Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. four miles.

Mr. Johnson's Sir Solomon, 6 yrs old, 9st.
Sir H. T. Vane's Cockfighter, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.
Lord Darlington's Agonistes, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.
Lord Darlington's Champion, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.
Mr. Wentworth's Chance, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.
Mr. Wentworth's Barnaby, aged, 8st. 2lb.
Mr. Baker's Jonah, aged, 8st. 2lb.
Lord Darlington's Hap-hazard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.
Mr. Garforth's Hyacinthus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.
Sir H. T. Vane's Rolla, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.
Mr. Fletcher's Lethe, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.
Mr. Sitwell's Cork Boat, 6 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.
Lord Strathmore's b. h. by Walnut, 5 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.
Mr. L. Savile's Cinnamon, 5 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.
Mr. Cornforth's Wrestler, 5 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.
D. of Hamilton's b. m. by Walnut, 5 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.
Mr. Baker's Jack's Alive, 5 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.

Same day, the York Oatlands Stakes, of 50gs. each, h. ft. for 4 yrs old.—Two miles.

Mr. Brandling's Alonzo, 8st. 7lb.
Lord Darlington's Muly Moloch, 8st. 7lb.
Mr. Walker's Driver, 8st. 5lb.
Lord Strathmore's Highland Fling, 8st. 3lb.
Sir T. Gascoigne's Lenox, 8st.
Mr. Wilson's Sophia, 8st.
Sir W. Gerard's Belleisle, 8st.
Mr. Brandling's Doctor Solander, 8st.
Sir H. T. Vane's br. c. by Traveller, 7st. 10lb.
Lord Fitzwilliam's Miracle, 7st. 10lb.
Duke of Hamilton's b. c. by Serpent, 7st. 8lb.
Sir H. Williamson's Lancaster, 7st. 7lb.
Mr. Wentworth's Antelope, 7st. 7lb.
Mr. W. Fletcher's Malta, 7st. 7lb.

BETTING-ROOM, FEB. 22.

First Class of Oatlands.

3 to 1 against Penelope—4 to 1 against Marianne—5 to 1 against Chippenham—6 to 1 against Lignum Vitæ—15 to 1 against Rolla.

Second Class of ditto.

3 to 1 against Dick Andrews—4 to 1 against Sorcerer—6 to 1 against Hornby Lass—6 to 1 against Phœnix—9 to 1 against Striver.

Derby.

5 to 2 against Young Eclipse—7 to 1 against Brother to Gig—10 to 1 against any other.

Oaks.

Oaks.

3 to 1 against Julia—6 to 1 against any other filly.

A Match.

Sir F Standish's Eagle, against Sir H. V. Tempest's Rolla; 6 to 4 on Eagle.—Sir H. V Tempest's Rolla, against Lord Sackville's Tag. Across the Flat, for 1000gs. h. ft.; the odds, 6 to 4 on Rolla.

Essex Fox-Hunting.

GREAT WALTHAM, ESSEX, FEB. 20.

MR. Tuffnell's hounds have in no season hunted in so capital a style, nor with so much success in killing foxes, as they have during the present. The only fear among the Nimrods is, that the breed of the subtle animal will barely keep pace with the rage which exists at the present moment for its pursuit, as scarce a hunting day occurs, but the field consists of fifty horsemen. Saturday the 13th instant, was a day of trial to their speed and bottom. By invitation from General Egerton, the hounds were thrown off at Danbury, and after drawing several small covers, within and near the Park, and not finding, they drew off for Gibcrack, where they found about twelve o'clock, but Reynard, by a manœuvre, threw the whole field out, and went off with the hounds close at his brush, at a contrary part of the cover to what he was expected. At one time the hounds and fox were near five miles a head, and not one of the field were within that distance. During this check of the horsemen, the fox made for South Hanningfield Tye, to West Hanningfield, from thence for Stock Common, to Bishop's Wood, when he headed and made a circle for Ramsden, Runwell, to Gray's Hill; here he headed again, came back to Downham, by Rettenden Common, from thence to South Hanningfield Hall, giving those who had long *heard*, an opportunity of *seeing*, and taking cross to near Woodham Hall, he came back to East Hanningfield, threaded Gibcrack for a cover by Bricknacre Priory, but being hard pushed by the hounds, he again headed, intending to take his old haunt, but was pulled down in full view, within one field of that cover where he was first found, after one of the most severe chases ever remembered, for the time it lasted, being three hours incessant breast-high running, one momentary check excepted, with thirteen couples of hounds only. There were many respectable gentlemen of the county in the field, some of whom, after the first check, rode up to the hounds, but a great number of the horses, at the close of the day, were unable to gallop.

King's Stag Hounds.

THE King turned out a fine stag at Try's-hill, near Chertsey, on Saturday morning, the 13th instant; which, after affording a good chase, in a circuitous direction, through the open country, took soil in Shire-water pond; from whence he afterwards broke away in a bold stile, and was taken in the inclosures of Horshill

Wild Fowl.

THE wild fowl have this winter been much missed at the tables of the Sussex gentry, owing, in a great measure, to the want of the ordinary supply from Ratton decoy pond, which the fowl deserted, after being shot at by two young men, whose ignorance of the decoy laws saved them from prosecution, and its consequent punishment.

The

The Life, Adventures, *and* Opinions, *of* Col. George Hanger.

(*Continued from page* 203.)

PEACE took place shortly after, when I observed a passport both from the Congress and the French Ambassador at Philadelphia, to repair to that city to visit my old acquaintance the Duke de Lauzun, afterwards Duke de Biron, and afterwards guillotined. I must confess, although I had a passport from the French minister and from the Congress, I was rather doubtful and diffident how I should journey across the Ferries to Philadelphia in the character of Major to the British Legion; a corps not much esteemed by the Americans. But my friend, Mr. Church, who resided many years, after the war, in England, together with Colonel Wadsworth, who had acted with him as Joint-Commissaries to the French army, kindly took me under their protection to Philadelphia. These two gentlemen, in great good humour, but not without some degree of fear and displeasure on my part, when they arrived at Princetown, invited the celebrated, pious, and well-known character, Doctor Witherspoon. To this pious man they exhibited me in such characters, that, although the peace was concluded, I truly believe the Doctor thought his head in danger that night; and certain I am, if he had heard that I had been within ten miles of his pious and sanctified domain, he would have buried the last silver tea-spoon he was possessed of ten feet under ground. Thus did my friend Church and Wadsworth amuse themselves at my expence; and, what is more, all they told the Doctor in good humour and in fun, playing me off before him, the pious Divine took for gospel.

I was treated with the greatest civility, not only by the French ambassador and officers, but also with the most perfect respect, attention, and politeness by the leading families in Philadelphia, particularly by Mr. Morris, the financier; also by Governor Morris, a gentleman who, I think, at that time filled the office of Secretary of State for the war department; and though he had by some misfortune lost one leg, that accident had not in the least impaired his understanding; for he was one of the most sensible, the best-informed, and most agreeable of men I ever knew: but, above all others, I here with pleasure pay that tribute of gratitude to General Dickenson, a distinguished officer in the American service, for the uncommon civility and attention he shewed to me: his house, replete with the truest hospitality, was open to me by night and by day; his mind was too noble, too enlightened, too expanded, to think ill of, or harbour any rancour against me or any other officer, who, by any active services, might have made themselves obnoxious to the generality of Americans. I am convinced from my heart, that, had I been of ten times more detriment to the Americans, his respect would in proportion have increased; for he had, from an early period of the war, served his country with distinction and alacrity, and honoured those British officers who had endeavoured, to the utmost of their abilities, to serve their king and country.

I shall here relate a conversation that took place one day at his table, before a large company; and an opinion which I gave rela-

tive to the future destiny of the government of that country; and I am of opinion, that the state of affairs there is rapidly hastening a dissolution of the United States. At that time, when peace had been concluded but a few weeks, I was of that opinion; and remember well, when General Dickenson asked me my opinion of the government and of its stability, I communicated my thoughts nearly in the following words:—"Sir, as long as General Washington, and the other principal military characters and leading men in Congress, who have brought about this revolution, are alive, the government will remain as it is, united; but, when all of you are in your graves, there will be wars and rumours of wars in this country: there are too many different interests in it for them to be united under one government. Just as this war commenced, you were going to fight amongst yourselves, and would have fought, had the British not interfered: you then, one and all, united against us as your common enemy; but, one of these days, the Northern and Southern powers will fight as vigorously against each other, as they both have united to do against the British. This country, when its population shall be completed, is large enough for three great empires. Look, gentlemen, at the map of it: view how irregular the provinces are laid out, running into each other: look particularly at the State of New York; it extends one hundred and fifty miles in length, due north; and in no place, in breadth, above fifteen or twenty miles. No country can be said to have a boundary or frontier, unless its exterior limits are marked by an unfordable river, or a chain of mountains not to be passed but in particular places. The great finger of nature has distinctly pointed out three extensive boundaries to your country: the North River, the first; the Great Potamack, which runs three hundred miles from Alexandria to the sea, unfordable, the second; and the Mississippi, the third and last. When the country of Kentucky is completely settled, and the back country farther on to the Banks of the Mississippi shall become popular and powerful, do you think they will ever be subjected to a government seated at Philadelphia or New York, at the distance of so many hundred miles? But such a defection will not happen for a very long period of time, until the inhabitants of that country become numerous and powerful: the Northern and Southern powers will first divide, and contend in arms."

I remember perfectly well General Dickenson's reply to my opinion; "God forbid that I should ever live to see that day, or that such a dire calamity should ever befall my country after my death! yet I am afraid that there may be some just grounds of suspicion for the foundation of your opinions." I could not refrain from making some further observations relative to the future situation of America; for this liberal-minded man insisted on my giving my opinions without the least restraint; and I continued my discourse as follows:—"The Americans, Sir, are grateful, and ought to be grateful, to the French nation, for having assisted them to gain their independence; but I think a day will come when the Americans will have reason to curse the hour that they ever admitted a Frenchman into their country. Look, Sir, to Europe;

throughout

throughout all that great continent you will find, that wherever France has gained a footing, she has ever, by the intrigues of her emissaries, embroiled those European powers in disputes and wars, and used them to her interest. She will endeavour to act she same by your nation, and make you subservient to her interests, as she has done by other nations."

I am bound in justice and truth to add the opinion of the company; and the whole of them seemed much to undervalue the sentiments which I entertained of the policy of the French nation: and General Dickenson replied, "Maj. Hanger, in this point, relative to the French, you, in the opinion of the company, and also in my opinion, are totally mistaken; for the counsels or influence of the French will never prevail amongst us: they can never have any influence or power with us."—Thus the conversation ended.

(To be contiuued.)

Modern Amazons.

SOME years since, a gentleman in the city, extensively engaged in West Indian commerce, was involved in bankruptcy by a misplaced confidence—he retired into the neighbourhood of Bradford with two daughters, and shortly after sunk beneath the pressure of his misfortune, leaving them wholly without provision. The former affluence of their father had prevented their acquiring knowledge of any profession by which to earn a respectable maintenance—they could not work, and were ashamed to beg. In this dilemma, their enterprize rose superior to considerations of fear, and prompted the bold expedient of assuming the dress and character of men, and entering into the Navy. They went to Portsmouth, and by their address, obtained a situation on the quarter-deck of a troop-ship bound to the West Indies. They were engaged in the reduction of Curacoa, &c. and served with credit in two or three actions in those seas, till one of them was wounded by a splinter in the side, when her sex being discovered, she was discharged, and came to England a few weeks ago. The other sister was at this period sinking under the fever which has proved so fatal to Europeans in the West Indies, and had been sent ashore at Dominica; there, under an impression of approaching death, she disclosed to one of the officers of the ship, her sex. The discovery gave tenderness to the esteem he had before entertained for his young friend: his attentions contributed to her convalescence. In short, she recovered, and they were married, and are now on their return to Europe, in possession of the means to render happy the remainder of their days.

The French Revolution has furnished similar instances of singulat acts of determination and courage in women. Forgetful of the delicacy of their sex, they assumed the habits of men; they worked the artillery, and charged at the head of the cavalry, while others fought on foot under the Austrian horses, fearless either of the sabre or of being trodden to death. Amongst others, may be instanced the two sisters who fought in the battle of Jemappe, as well as in other actions, in the capacity of Aides-de-camp to General Dumourier. Those female warriors were strongly recommended

mended by that General to the President of the National Convention, and to the Minister of War, for their heroism and bravery.

ACCOUNT OF THE NATIVE DOG, THE KANGAROO, THE BIRDS, &c. OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

From a Voyage to Botany-Bay.
By GEORGE BARRINGTON.

(*Continued from page* 178.)

"IN my walks I often fell in with the Kangaroos, of which there are great numbers; they are about the size of a common deer, of a dark tan colour; its head, I think, resembles that of the Mocock, from the East Indies. The hind legs are much longer than the fore, and with them they leap and spring forward with amazing rapidity, their fore feet being seldom seen to touch the ground; and, indeed, they are so very short, that it is not possible the animal can make great use of them in running; they have prodigious force in their tail, which is a principal part of their defence; when attacked, they strike a blow with this weapon sufficient to break the leg of a man, or the back of a dog; it also assists them in their springs, which are truly surprising. The native Dog is much swifter than the Kangaroo, and will attack them with great courage; the chase is seldom of long duration, the Kangaroo being soon tired, and is generally overtaken in less than a quarter of an hour. When seized, if they have no opportunity of using the tail to advantage, they turn upon the Dog, and, catching hold with the talons of his fore-paws, he flies at, and strikes his adversary with those of his hind feet, which are long, sharp, and of great strength; and, if the dog is not assisted, it frequently happens that they get the better.

"I have frequently seen male Kangaroos which, when sitting on their haunches, would measure at least from five feet eight to five feet ten inches in height: such a one would, I think, overmatch any of the dogs; but I never ventured to try them singly. Having had several young native dogs given me, from time to time, I take great delight in Kangaroo hunting; it is not only an agreeable exercise, but produces a dish for the table nearly as good as mutton; and, in the present dearth of live stock, is not an unacceptable present.

"The native Dog greatly resembles the Pomeranian breed: with their ears erect, they have a remarkable savage look, and are not unlike a Wolf, both in size and appearance. There is no getting the better of their natural ferocity; for, if you take ever such pains in rearing them, they will, at every opportunity, destroy the sheep, pigs, or poultry; nor do I think it possible to break them of this savageness of temper, so that they are of little or no use, except in hunting the Kangaroo.

"The country abounds in birds of numberless species; those of the parrot kind, such as, the macaw, cockatoo, lory, green parrot, and paroquets, of different species and sizes, ornamented with the most gay and luxuriant plumage that can be conceived. The common crow is no stranger here, but is found in considerable numbers; the sound of their voice, and manner of croaking, is widely different from those in Europe. Hawks are in great plenty: pigeons, quails, and a variety of small birds; but I have not seen any with an agreeable note.

"There

"There is also a very large bird, but it is not very common; at first they were taken for the ostrich, as they did not fly when pursued, but ran so exceedingly fast that a strong native dog could not overtake them: I shot one of them, which measured upwards of two yards and a half from its feet to the upper part of its head. The difference between this bird and the ostrich is in its bill, which is narrower at the point, and it has three toes, which is not the case with the ostrich, as I had an opportunity of seeing several of them at the Cape. It possesses one singularity, by which it cannot fail of being known, which is, that two distinct feathers grow out from every quill. Its flesh, though not the most tender grained, is far from unacceptable; it resembles, when raw, neck beef; and a side-bone of this bird makes an excellent dinner for half a dozen. The crow, I think, relishes equally as well as the barn fowl in England. I have sometimes, when on a shooting excursion, fallen in with the black swan; the extremity of their wings are white, and all the rest of their plumage a bright black; its bill a pale pink, or crimson: they are of the size of the common white swan, and are a delicate appendage to the table.

"A prodigious quantity of bats have made their appearance during these two last years; they are generally seen about Rose Hill, towards the close of the evening: the head of this bat very much resembles that of the fox; the wings of many of them extend four feet, from tip to tip. I have one of them that will eat out of the hand, and is as domestic in the house as a cat. Their smell is rank and offensive; and numbers having perished from the extreme heat of the weather, and fallen into the water about Rose Hill, rendered it undrinkable for some days.

"There are as many different species of insects as of birds; the centipedes, spider, ant, and scorpion; the generality of these vary but little from those described as inhabitants of most parts between the tropics: the ant possesses, not only the greatest portion of industry, but also of courage; an insult is never offered them with impunity: they are of various sizes, from the common European ant to near three quarters of an inch in length; they are also of different colours, as, black, white, yellow, and red; the most formidable of which are the red-coated gentry: whenever it happens that they are disturbed by any person, or beast treading on their nests, which are constructed just beneath the surface, with numberless small passages or outlets, they sally forth in myriads, and attack the ill-fated and unconscious offender with astonishing intrepidity, and even continue their pursuit to a considerable distance; their bite, if not venemous, is attended with the most acute pain for some time: one species of them build their nests against a tree, of the size of a beehive; another kind raises mounts of earth, with prodigious industry, to the height of four feet.

"The spider of this country nearly approaches the ant in point of industry; the smallest of these are larger than any I ever saw in England; they spread their webs in the woods, between the trees, generally to the distance of ten or a dozen yards, and weave them so strong, that small birds are frequently entangled therein. The silk of which the web is composed, when wound off in a ball, I think, is equal to any I ever saw in the same state from

from the silk-worm; it is of the same colour, a pale yellow or straw colour. Of reptiles, there are snakes, from the smallest I have ever seen in England, to the length of eleven feet, and as thick as a man's leg; also lizards, of various kinds and sizes.

(To be continued.)

History of Ancient and Modern Coursing;

From RURAL SPORTS,
By W. B. DANIEL.

"THIS amusement is of great antiquity, and is treated on by Arrian, who flourished A. D. 150. It was first used by the Gauls, the most luxurious and opulent of whom, used to send out good hare-finders early in the morning, to those places where it was likely to find hares sitting; they returned to their employers with an account of the number of hares found, who then mounted their horses, and took out their greyhounds to course them: not more than two greyhounds were to be ran at once, and those were not to be laid in too close to the hare; for although the animal is swift, yet when first started, she is so terrified by the hallooing, and by the closeness and speed of the dogs, that her heart is overcome with fear, and in the confusion, very often the best sporting hares were killed without shewing any diversion; she was therefore allowed to run some distance from her seat, before the dogs were set after her. The best hares were those found in open and exposed places; they did not immediately try to avoid the danger by running to woods, but whilst contending in swiftness with the greyhounds, moderated their own speed according as they were pressed; if overmatched in speed by the dogs, they then tried to gain ground by frequent turns, which threw the dogs beyond them, making at the same time their shortest way to the covers, or nearest shelter. The true sportsman, even in Arrian's time, did not take out his dogs to destroy the hares, but for the sake of seeing the contest between them, and was glad if the hare escaped, which was never prevented, by disturbing any brake in which she might have concealed herself, after beating the greyhounds. They were also frequently taken alive from the dogs, by the horsemen who closely followed them, and after the greyhounds were taken up, were turned down for future sport. They used to *speak* to their greyhounds whilst in the field, considering it a kind of encouragement to them, to know that their master was a witness of the excellence of their running; but this *speaking* was recommended to be chiefly confined to the first course, lest, after being weakened by a second or third, they might, by such encouragement, exert themselves beyond their strength, and hurt their insides, which was thought to be the destruction of many good dogs.

"Those who had not the conveniency of hare-finders, went out commonly in a company on horseback, when they beat the likely grounds, and on starting a hare, the greyhounds were let loose after her: those who were more keen after the sport, used to go on foot, and if any one accompanied them on horseback, it was his business to follow the dogs during the course. It is singular, that after the lapse of so many centuries, the mode of beating for a hare in coursing, should be *now*, exactly what

what it *then* was. The company were drawn up in a straight rank, either horse or footmen, and proceeded at certain distances from each other, in a direct line to a given point, and wheeling round, that they might not go over precisely the same track, they beat the ground regularly back. This practice is still continued. A person was appointed to take the command of the sport, if there were many dogs out; he gave orders that such and such dogs should be slipped, according as the hare took to the right or left, and these orders were punctually obeyed.

" The Gauls sometimes mixed and used finders with their greyhounds, and while these tried to find the hare, the greyhounds were led by the hand at a small distance, taking care, however, to lead them where the hare was most likely to come; and here the greyhounds pretty well supplied the use of Zenophon's nets. This method of coursing was deemed irregular, as the stoutest hares were so alarmed with the cries of the finders, that if they did not start a very considerable way before, they were sure to be killed. This method is very much practised in some parts of Great Britain, to the great consolation of those, who think no course worth seeing, unless there is a hare at the end of it.

" A young hare, when found sitting, was not disturbed, as it was considered unfair to run the greyhounds at her; but with the finders, (who are said to have been very eager through hunger, and so desirous of eating up what they caught, that it was difficult to get them off, even by beating them with sticks), the exercise of this clemency was impossible.

" In our own country, during the reign of King John, greyhounds were frequently received by him as payment in lieu of money, for the renewal of grants, fines, and forfeitures, belonging to the Crown; the following extracts prove this Monarch to have been exceedingly partial to this kind of dogs. A fine paid A. D. 1203, mentions five hundred marks, ten horses, and ten leashes of greyhounds; another, in 1210, one swift running horse, and six greyhounds.

" The greyhound, in ancient times, was considered as a very valuable present, and especially by the ladies, with whom it appears to have been a peculiar favourite: in a very old metrical romance, called Sir Eglamore, a Princess tells the Knight, that if he was inclined to hunt, she would, as an especial mark of her favour, give him an excellent greyhound, so swift that no deer could escape from his pursuit.

' Syr yf you be on huntynge founde,
' I shall you gyve a good greyhounde,
' That is dunne as a doo:
' For as I am trewe gentylwoman,
' There was never deer that he at ran,
' That might yscape him fro.'

" The Isle of Dogs, now converting to the first commercial purposes, derived its name from being the *dépôt* of the spaniels and greyhounds of Edward III. and this spot was chosen, as lying contiguous to his sports of woodcock shooting, and coursing the red deer, in Waltham, and the other Royal Forests, in Essex, for the more convenient enjoyment of which, he generally resided in the sporting season, at Greenwich.

" In the days of Elizabeth, when she was not herself disposed to hunt, she was so stationed, as to see the coursing of deer with greyhounds. At Cowdrey, in Sussex, the

the seat of Lord Montecute, A. D. 1591, one day after dinner, the Queen saw from a turret, 'sixteen bucks all having fayre lawe, pulled down with greyhounds in a laund or lawn.'

"In ancient times, three several animals were coursed with greyhounds, the deer, the fox, and the hare. The two former are not practised at present, but the coursing of deer formerly was a recreation in high esteem, and was divided into two sorts; the paddock, and the forest or purlieu. For the paddock coursing, besides the greyhounds, which never exceeded two, and for the most part consisted of one brace, there was the teazer or mongrel greyhound, whose business it was to drive the deer forward, before the real greyhounds were slipt. The paddock was a piece of ground generally taken out of a park, and fenced with pales or a wall; it was a mile in length, and about a quarter of a mile in breadth, but the further end was always broader than that which the dogs started from, the better to accommodate the company in seeing which dog won the match. At the hither end was the dog-house (to enclose the dogs that were to run the course), which was attended by two men, one of whom stood at the door to slip the dogs, the other was a little without the door, to let loose the teazer to drive away the deer. The pens for the deer intended to be coursed, were on one side, with a keeper or two to turn them out; on the other side, at some distance, stood the spectators. Along the course were placed posts. The first, which was next the dog-house and pens, was the law-post, and was distant from them one hundred and sixty yards. The second was the quarter of a mile, the third the half mile, the fourth the pinching-post, and the fifth marked distance: in lieu of a post, was the ditch, which was a place made so as to receive the deer, and keep them from being further pursued by the dogs. Near to this place were seats for the Judges, who were chosen to decide the wager.

"So soon as the greyhounds that were to run the match were led into the dog-house, they were delivered to the keepers, who, by the articles of coursing, were to see them fairly slipt; for which purpose, there was round each dog's neck a falling collar, which slipt through rings. The owners of the dogs drew lots, which dog should have the wall, that there should be no advantage; the dog-house door was then shut, and the keeper turned out the deer; after the deer had gone about twenty yards, the person that held the teazer loosed him, to force the deer forward, and when the deer was got to the law-post, the dogs were led out from the dog-house, and slipt. If the deer swerved before he got to the pinching-post, so that his head was judged to be nearer the dog-house than the ditch, it was deemed no match, and was to be run again three days after; but if there was no such swerve, and the deer ran straight until he went beyond the pinching-post, then that dog which was nearest the deer (should he swerve) gained the contest: if no swerve happened, then that dog which leapt the ditch first, was the victor. If any disputes arose, they were referred to the articles of the course, and determined by the Judges.

"In coursing deer in the forest or purlieu, two ways were used; the one, coursing from wood to wood,

wood, and the other upon the lawns by the keepers' lodges. In the first, some hounds were thrown into the cover to drive out the deer, whilst the greyhounds were held ready to be slipt, where the deer was expected to break; if the deer was not of a proper age and size, the dogs were not let loose; and if, on the other hand, he broke at too great distance, or was otherwise deemed an overmatch for one brace, it was allowable to way-lay him with another brace of fresh greyhounds.

" For the coursing upon the lawn, the keeper had notice given him, and he took care to lodge a deer fit for the purpose, and by sinking the wind of him, there was no danger of getting near enough to slip the greyhounds, and having a fair course.

" In coursing the fox, no other art was necessary but to get the wind, and stand close on the outside of the wood, where he was expected to come out, and to give him law enough, or he instantly returned back to the cover; the slowest greyhounds were speedy enough to overtake him; and all the hazard was, the fox spoiling the dog, which frequently happened; for the most part, the greyhounds used for this course were hard-bitten dogs, that would seize any thing."

(To be continued.)

Characters at the late Ranelagh Masquerade.

THE first in rank and *singularity*, was Sir John Dyneley, Bart. one of the poor Knights of Windsor, who, agreeably to an advertisement inserted with his signature, a few days since in the Morning Prints, appeared in search of a wife; whatever was the furniture of his *pockets*, he discovered on the occasion a plentiful *lack of brains*.

A very active Tailor appeared, mounted on an immense *goose*, which kept such a continued *hissing*, that it is well for a certain *Monkish* Author, this *ominous bird* was not present during the first performance of *Alfonso*.

Diogenes in search of an *honest* man, extremely well supported, and holding a dark lanthorn, &c. After a long search, the cynic thought he had discovered his wish under a sooty countenance, when, lo! it proved to be a *sprig of the law!*

A Fashionable Youth supported with great spirit, the character of a *Barber*, but took so many liberties with the *noses* of the company, that he was fortunate in escaping without a *lathering*.

A *dismounted* Surry Yeoman was so unpleasantly vociferous in his inquiries after a *stolen horse*, that a *jockey* severely disciplined him with a *horsewhip*.

A Young Surgeon turned *Soldier*, instead of *cutting*, got *cut up*, as he found the wits too far *north* for him.

A Youth from the vicinity of *Battersea-bridge*, warbled as sweet as a *skylark*; and four Chorus Singers of Covent-Garden Theatre, sang several *glees* so happily, as to cause the audience to approve the mirth-inspiring influence of the moment.—A *Bailiff*, however, soon silenced them, by exclaiming that he was their superior, being *President* of a *Catch Club!*

Little Simmons, from the same Theatre, played *Harlequin*; but, after supper, was more *light-headed* than *light-heeled*.

The *Fools* were, as usual, numerous, and very *naturally* supported.

In fine, there was an amazing inundation of Chamber-maids, Watchmen,

Watchmen, Cyprians, and Chimney-Sweeps, together with a Worshipful Magistrate, who appeared exactly like " a *Reed* shaken by the wind!"

The supper and wines, which were excellent in their kind, and most freely distributed, did great credit to the liberality of Mr. Ashley, and indeed proved so extremely inviting, that the majority of the company did not depart, till Aurora blushed for them.

Grand Diplomatic Spectacle;

Or, a Description of a Public Audience of the First Consul of France.

By an EYE-WITNESS.

WE were conducted into a saloon, where were assembled the ambassadors, and those foreigners, who were to be conducted to the audience. We were all in the first instance, presented to the Councillor of State, Benezech; the Minister, Talleyrand, also made his appearance, while the state hussars guarded the doors, and overlooked the apartments. In a short time, the domestics of Bonaparte came to serve us with chocolate, liqueurs, &c. In about half an hour, we were conducted by Benezech through a long line of guards, into the hall of audience. During this procession, warlike music was heard, which seemed to transport us all to Marengo. In the saloon preceding that of the Consul, the officers of the Etat-Major formed a double line. The Consuls were placed near the chimney, with four officers of the guards in full uniform, behind them: the Ministers were on the right, and the Councillors of State on the left; whilst many Members of the Legislative Bodies, and a great number of General Officers formed a semi-circle. The entrance completed the circle. The Foreigners ranged themselves by the side of the respective Diplomatic Agents, who took their stations without any apparent design. The Envoy from the Pope placed himself on the right of the Consuls: by the side of him was the Imperial Ambassador; then followed the Ambassadors of Prussia, Denmark, &c. Bonaparte alone did the honours of the audience: he made his round with inexpressible ease—he spoke to all without the least affectation, and found means to say something agreeable to each.

As we were near eighty in number, he was near an hour making the round. Having at length, however, returned to his place, we made our bows and were re-conducted by Talleyrand and Benezech, amidst the music of martial instruments, into the first saloon, from whence we departed, filled with satisfaction and admiration at what we had seen and heard.

A Whimsical Wager

Was determined in the course of last Month.

MR. H. of the City laid a wager of five guineas that he would cross the river Thames in a washing-tub at high water. About eleven o'clock in the morning he made the attempt, attended by four boats, and proceeded with much dexterity with his paddles until he got into the middle, when, losing his balance, the tub upset, and Mr. H. was immersed in the surge, to the no small entertainment of the spectators.

Penurious

Penurious Characters.

Mr. Guy, who was the founder of the noble hospital that bears his name in the Borough of Southwark, was as remarkable for his private parsimony as his public munificence. He invariably dined alone, and a soiled proof-sheet, or an old newspaper, was his constant substitute for a table-cloth.

It is recorded of him, that as he was one winter evening sitting in his room, meditating over a handful of half-lighted embers, confined within the narrow precincts of a brick-stove, and without any candle, a person who came to enquire for him was introduced, and after the first compliments were passed, and the guest requested to take a seat, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle, which lay ready on the table by him, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit. The visitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, immortalized by Pope, in the lines—

> "When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
> "The wretch, that living, sav'd a candle's end, &c."

"I have been told, (said Hopkins) that you, Sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving, than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art, in which I used to think I excelled, but am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior,"—"And is that all you come about? (said Guy) why then, we can talk this matter over in the dark:" so saying, he with great deliberation extinguished his new-lighted farthing-candle. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins rose up, acknowledged himself convinced of the other's superior thrift, and took his leave.

A boiled egg was the usual dinner of Sir Hans Sloane. When he once complained to Doctor Mortimer that all his friends had deserted him, the Doctor observed that Chelsea was a considerable distance from the residence of most of them, and therefore they might be disappointed when they came, to find he had so slight a dinner. This gentle remonstrance put the old Baronet in a rage, and he exclaimed, "Keep a table! Invite people to dinner!—Would you have me ruin myself? Public credit totters already, and if (as has been presaged) there should be a national bankruptcy, or a sponge to wipe out the national debt, you may yet see me in a workhouse." His landed interest was, at that time, very considerable, and his museum worth much more than the twenty thousand pounds, which was given for it by Parliament.

Pope has recorded the rapacity of Peter Walters, but there are some circumstances in his life not generally known. He was of a low origin, but acquired an immense estate; the principal part of which arose from his knowledge of the world, and careful attention to the follies and vices of young noblemen and gentlemen of fortune, whose wants he was, on proper terms, always ready and willing to supply.

He was first an under-steward to the great Earl of Uxbridge, whom he had the address to manage with such dexterity, that to his dying hour, no man stood so well with that nobleman as Peter Walters. The Earl himself was a great usurer, and Peter was privy to all his bargains. When they were alone and disengaged, their

custom was to compare notes, and then a question sometimes arose about which of them had pocketed the greatest number of peers.—Pope calls Walters "a person eminent in the wisdom of his profession, a dexterous attorney, and a good, if not a safe, conveyancer." It happened one night that Anthony Henley, who was as remarkable for his *wit*, as Peter was for his *money*, met together at an inn on the road and joined company. In the course of the evening's conversation, Henley heartily rallied his new companion, on his immoderate love of money, and threw out some sarcastic hints on his manner of getting it. Walters was no less severe upon Anthony for his sovereign contempt of that precious metal, and his ways of squandering it. "At best (Henley said), every body knows, Walters, how you got your *money*—but do be frank for once, and tell me how the devil you came by your *wit*, for they very rarely go together."—"Why, as to that (said Peter), I thank my stars I am not indebted to nature for a grain of it; but you must know I have lately bought a good many estates from men of a bright fancy and high genius, and they gave me their wit into the bargain."

SMILES AND TEARS: A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

ANECDOTE FROM THE FRENCH PAPERS.

CAFFARIELLI, a celebrated Italian singer, went into France in the time of the Princess of Saxe, who was very fond of music. He sung several times at the concert of sacred music, and before Louis XV. who sent him a very elegant gold snuff-box by a gentleman of the Chamber.—"What," says the musician, "does the King of France send me this box without his portrait?"—"The King makes a present of this to no one but his Ambassadors."—"To Ambassadors," replied Caffarielli, "why then he should make them sing."—The King, when this was related to him, laughed very heartily.

But Caffarielli did not get off so easily with Cardinal Albani. His Eminence invited him to sing at a Concert, which he gave at his Palace at Rome. The musician promised to be there, but wilfully forgot the appointment.—A messenger was sent for him, who found him at his door in his robe de chambre.—"His Eminence waits for you."—"O, *che disgrazia*—I have entirely forgotten the appointment; but will not another time do as well?"—"No, you must come as you are."—"In a robe-de-chambre!"—"Yes, in a robe de chambre."—Caffarielli thought it extremely pleasant to go to sing in a robe de chambre before Cardinal Albani; he entered, made excuses, and sung an air; after which, the major-domo desired him to go into a cabinet, where he presented to him a box of gold, filled with sequins.—"There," said the major-domo, "this is the reward which his Eminence has sent you for the exertion of your talents, and he has at the same time ordered that you should receive chastisement for your insolence."—Immediately four footmen gave him a dozen blows upon his shoulders; what was still more cruel during this scene was, that whilst he was roaring out with pain, those who heard him called out—"Bravo, bravo, Caffarielli."

ENTER-

Entertaining Account

Of the Festivals and Diversions of the Modern Greeks of Corfu.

THE number of churches in Corfu is very considerable. Each officiating priest is annually elected by the assembled parishioners.

The richest of those churches is that in which are deposited the reliques of St. Spiridion, to whom the Greeks bear a peculiar devotion. The descendants of the family which possessed his venerated remains have always enjoyed a sort of apparent property in the church, to which they have the privilege of nominating the officiating *papa*. That benefice, as being one of the best, is always conferred on one of their own family.

The festival of Saint Spiridion is celebrated with the greatest pomp. A week previous to the day, the doors, windows, and steeple of the church are adorned with myrtle and laurel branches. Round the top of the steeple runs an iron balustrade, at the four corners of which are erected four long poles bearing four flags: that of St. Marc, the Russian, and the English, are always of the number; for the fourth, the Danish, or Swedish, or Dutch, &c. is indiscriminately chosen, but never the Turkish, nor that of France, which was not admitted even when France was a monarchy. The bells are kept incessantly ringing during the whole week. At length, on the eve of the festival, amid the sound of all the bells in all the churches, and the report of firing, the priests expose to the veneration of the multitude the sacred shrine containing the saint's body entire and in good preservation. The shrine is of ebony, covered with gilded silver plates of very neat workmanship, and enriched with precious stones. The front consists of a large glass plate, through which the saint is discovered, standing in an erect posture, and arrayed in his pontifical robes.

The governor and his household repair in a body to assist at this ceremony, which is performed with greater tumult than devotion. A detachment of sixty soldiers find a difficult task in maintaining order among the crowd of people who, during three successive days and nights, eagerly throng to the spot, to implore the protection of the saint. After this, comes a procession, in which the clergy of Corfu, are joined by a host of *papas* from the neighbouring isles, and even from the Morea. The shrine is carried on a bier by six *papas* in sacerdotal array, under a canopy alternately supported by the governor and the other chief officers and magistrates. They are preceded by the governor's band of music, who, as well as his servants, are dressed in their state-liveries. The whole garrison are all the while under arms; and the chief part of them accompany the procession. So soon as, in the course of its stated round, it has reached the ramparts which cover the city on the side fronting the sea, all the ships of war, with their flags displayed, pay it a salute of cannon and musketry: the gallies and galliots, with their colours likewise flying, advance from their usual station, and sail along the shore under the ramparts, keeping pace with the march of the processive above.

The ceremony is necessarily of long duration on account of the slowness of the march. It is besides frequently interrupted by the approach of sick persons whom their friends carry under the shrine in full confidence of an infallible cure.

cure. It usually happens that several of those sick persons fall into frightful convulsions, and cause great confusion: but such of the *papas* as are in the secret dextrously avail themselves of the circumstance to levy contributions on the credulity of the devotees. During the whole time that the body of the saint continues to be exposed to public veneration, the church is crowded with sick persons, who lie there stretched on their beds, patiently awaiting a cure, for the promise of which they are obliged to pay.

So long as the festival lasts, the *papas* are busily employed in gratifying the public devotion; one devotee earnestly praying them to read him a portion of the gospel, another equally desirous to obtain a wax-candle, a handkerchief, a ribbon, or any other object which had touched the saint's body. All these favours are paid for.

The reliques of Saint Spiridion are exposed with the most religious confidence in every season of public calamity. His church has been enriched by private donations; and the devotion of the islanders is a productive source of wealth to him: the mechanic, the mariner, fancy that they insure the success of their undertakings by devoting a part of the profit to Saint Spiridion. Not a barque sails from their port, in the profits of whose voyage the saint is not interested: the Greeks even of the Morea and the Archipelago are equally zealous in paying tribute to him.

The night between Holy Thursday and Good Friday is remarkable for the number of processions which perambulate the city. Every church, every chapel, has its own, in which is triumphantly carried a sepulchre previously prepared with the greatest possible munificence; for in this point there is a certain emulation between the different churches. Each sepulchre is surrounded by a great number of lighted tapers, each *papa* holding one of very large size in his hand, and each person who accompanies the procession being also provided with one. All these different processions, after having perambulated the streets, unite on the esplanade, where the light of their numerous tapers equals the splendor of day. All the churches are open; all the streets and public squares are crowded with people running from church to church, from procession to procession. The women, who on other occasions, do not appear at church except in a close-railed gallery, now enjoy full liberty. This night is the time when they contract new acquaintances or renew their old.—On every side people are seen going in parties to enjoy the spectacle of the processions, and to visit the churches: devotion serves as a cloke to curiosity, or to the accomplishment of preconcerted plans. These pious rambles are usually succeeded by feasts, which do not always terminate peaceably. The events of the night furnish an ample fund of conversation for the ensuing day,

(To be continued.)

INGENIOUS PLOTS OF FRENCH DRAMATISTS.

THE prolific genius manifests itself in some new productions every week. The return of peace will afford us the opportunity of occasionally noticing those ephemeral productions. Among the latest is a new piece, which, if the accounts in the French papers are correct, may very fairly be put in competition with some of our own modern dramatic productions

tions. This piece is called *An Inn at Calais*. At this Inn are assembled the following personages: A Gascon, who is going to establish a theatre in England; a Parisian, who comes down to meet his niece on her arrival from London; the niece herself; the young lady's lover; and an Englishman, also in love with the young lady, and who has followed her from England. The Englishman forms a plan for carrying off the lady, and bribes the Gascon to assist him: but by a mistake, the landlady is carried off in her stead. Such is the Piece, which is stated to have been received with a mixture of applause and censure.

"This Piece," says a French Editor, "will undoubtedly please the English, who always describe the French on their Theatres as true Gascons."

Another Piece has also made its appearance during the last decade at the Theatre Feydeau. It is entitled *Plutarch*, and is rather of an amusing description. It seems, however, to afford but a slight foundation even for a single act. A young officer, who is over head and ears in love, requests some pecuniary assistance of a rich uncle; by means of which he hopes to render himself more worthy of the woman of his heart: to this application the uncle makes this laconic reply—"*Read Plutarch*," at the same time presenting him with a copy. The young man, who cannot conceive that the perusal of a Greek author could prove any resource to him, not only neglected the advice, but sold all his books, including even *Plutarch*. The Valet disposes of the whole to a person whom he takes for a broker, but who, in fact, proves to be the uncle. The Plutarch, which was given to the nephew sealed up, was in fact, alone worth one thousand crowns. At length, the uncle and the nephew have an interview; and after many ironical and humourous reflections on the taste of young men for reading, he gives him to understand, that the book in question contained a note for six thousand francs, and a consent to his wished-for marriage. The benevolent uncle pardons him, and unites the lovers. He gives, at the same time, a thousand crowns to the valet, who, perceiving the *goût* of the old man for ancient authors, presents him with a *Cicero*, observing at the same time, that *he was not the first great man who had made the fortune of a fool.*

Ludicrous Bet, and Legal Decision.

Our readers have no doubt heard much of the Savage of Aveyron lately said to have been taken in the woods of France, a circumstance which gave rise to a ludicrous bet between Feydel and Vaille, two actors. The first alledged that the Savage of Aveyron was only a young actor, who played his part indifferently well; the latter maintained that he was a real Savage. The parties not agreeing to refer the matter to arbitration, this ludicrous cause came to be tried before the Justices of Peace of Moulins, who decided, that Citizen Feydel having produced no proof of his assertion, had lost the bet to Citizen Vaille, in consequence of which he was condemned to pay him twenty-four francs, the amount of the bet, and also the costs of suit.

Quere.—Should not the *onus probandi* have rested with Vaille, as there have been more instances of *actors* counterfeiting *Savages*, than of *real Savages* appearing as *actors*.

Sporting

Sporting Volunteer Apothecary

An extract from the Comedy of
THE POOR GENTLEMAN.
Written by G. COLEMAN, junior, Esq.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Sir Charles Cropland's House; Sir Charles Cropland at breakfast; his Valet-de-chambre adjusting his Hair.

Sir Cha. HAS old Warner, the steward, been told that I arrived last night?

Valet. Yes, Sir Charles; with orders to attend you this morning.

Sir Cha. (Yawning and stretching) What can a man of fashion do with himself in the country, at this damn'd dull time of the year!

Valet. It is very pleasant, to-day, out in the park, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Pleasant, you booby! How can the country be pleasant in the middle of spring? All the world's in London.

Valet. I think, somehow, it looks so lively, Sir Charles, when the corn is coming up.

Sir Cha. Blockead! vegetation makes the face of a country look frightful. It spoils hunting. Yet, as my business on my estate, here, is to raise supplies for my pleasures elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday, when I left town, on this wise expedition?

Valet. The first of April, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Umph!—When Mr. Warner comes, shew him in.

Valet. I shall, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. This same lumbering timber upon my ground has its merits. Trees are notes, issued from the bank of Nature, and as current as those payable to Abraham Newland. I must get change for a few oaks, for I want cash consumedly. So, Mr. Warner!

Enter WARNER.

Warner. Your honour is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. A very tedious time. Three days, Mr. Warner.

Warner. Ah, good Sir! things would prosper better if you honoured us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Thank you, Warner;—but modern men of fashion find it devilish difficult to live upon their estates.

Warner. The country about you so charming!

Sir Cha. Look ye, Warner—I must hunt in Leicestershire—for that's the thing. In the frosts, and the spring months, I must be in town, at the Clubs—for that's the thing.—In summer, I must be at the watering-places—for that's the thing. —Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent———

Warner. The most beautiful part of the county.

Sir Cha. Curse beauty! we do'nt mind beauty in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent—

Warner. A land of milk and honey!—

Sir Cha. I hate milk and honey.

Warner A land of fat!

Sir Cha. Damn your fat!—listten to me—my estate being in Kent—

Warner. So woody!

Sir Cha. Curse the wood! No —that's wrong—for it's convenient. I am come on purpose to cut it.

Warner.

Warner. Ah! I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and then, the axe to the root! Money lost at play, and then, good lack! the forest groans for it

Sir Cha. But you are not the forest, and why devil do you groan for it?

Warner. I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

Sir Cha. And I shall have views for my posterity—I shall take special care the trees sha'n't intercept their prospect.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to enquire after your health.

Sir Cha. Shew him in.

[*Exit Serv.*

The fellow's a character, and treats time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me this morning. In short, Mr. Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount immediately. 'Tis my peremptory order, Sir.

Warner. I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart! Forgive an old servant of the family, if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

Sir Cha. What do you mean by duties?

Warner. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil—Such as to support the dignity of an English landholder, for the honour of Old England; to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. A tiresome old blockhead! But where is this Ollapod? his jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me—and, to a man of gallantry, in the country, his intelligence is, by no means, uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient. Ha! Ollapod!

Enter OLLAPOD.

Olla. Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your slave. Hope our health is good. Been a hard winter here—Sore throats were plenty; so were woodcocks. Flush'd four couple one morning, in a half-mile walk from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsey. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love, and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. He, he, he! Do you take, good Sir, do you take?

Sir Cha. Oh, yes, I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Olla. He, he! yes, Sir Charles, I have, now, the honour to be Cornet in the Volunteer Association Corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir Cha. Explain.

Olla. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter—You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new-gilt him last week, by the bye—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir Cha. Well, no more on that head now—proceed.

Olla. On that Head! he! he! he! that's very well; very well, indeed! Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. — Churchwarden

Posh,

Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient; when, who should strut into the shop, but Lieutenant Grains, the Brewer—sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turn'd up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle. I confess his figure struck me. I look'd at him as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

Sir Cha. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favourable sort.

Ollo. Ha! ha! that's very well—very well indeed!—Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. We first talk'd of shooting—he knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him, the day before, I had kill'd six brace of birds—I thumpt on at the mortar—we then talk'd of physic—I told him, the day before, I had kill'd, lost, I mean—six brace of patients—I thumpt on at the mortar—eyeing him all the while; for he looked devilish flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know—so 'twas natural. He, he! Do you take, good Sir? do you take?

Sir Cha. Take? oh, nobody can miss.

Olla. He then talk'd of the corps itself; said it was sickly, and if a professional person would administer to the health of the Association—dose the men, and drench the horse—he could, perhaps, procure him a Cornetcy.

Sir Cha. Well, you jump'd at the offer?

Olla. Jump'd! I jump'd over the counter—kick'd down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains's smart scarlet jacket, tastily turn'd up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's Head, of the Association Corps of Cavalry, at your service.

Sir Cha. I wish you joy of your appointment You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

Olla. Water for—oh! laurel-water—he! he! come, that's very well—very well indeed! Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

Sir Cha. A mistake?

Olla. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle, on a grand field-day, I clapt a pint bottle of her Ladyship's diet-drink into one of my holsters; intending to proceed to the patient after the exercise was over—I reach'd the martial ground, and jallap'd—gallop'd, I mean—wheel'd, and flourish'd, with great *éclat*; but when the word "Fire" was given, meaning to pull out my pistol, in a hell of a hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the damn'd diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being, unfortunately, fermented, by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork, with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

Sir Cha. But, in the midst of so many pursuits, how proceeds practice among the ladies?

Olla. He! he! I should be sorry not to feel the pulse of a pretty woman, now and then, Sir Charles. Do you take, good Sir? do you take?

Sir Cha Any new faces since I left the country?

Olla. Nothing worth an item—nothing new arrived in our town. In

In the village, to be sure, hard by, a most brilliant beauty has lately given lustre to the lodgings of Farmer Harrowby.

Sir Cha. Indeed! is she come-at-able, Ollapod?

Olla. Oh no! Full of honour as a Corps of Cavalry; tho', plump as a partridge, and mild as emulsion. Miss Emily Worthington, I may venture to say ———

Sir Cha. Hey? who? Emily Worthington!

Olla. With her father———

Sir Cha. An old officer in the army?

Olla. The same.

Sir Cha. And a stiff maiden aunt?

Olla. Stiff as a ram-rod.

Sir Cha. *(singing and dancing.)* Tol de rol lol!

Olla. Bless me! he is seized with St. Vitus's dance.

Sir Cha. 'Tis she, by Jupiter! my dear Ollapod! *(embracing him)*.

Olla. Oh, my dear Sir Charles! *(returning the embrace)*.

Sir Cha. The very girl who has just slipt thro' my fingers, in London.

Olla. O ho!

Sir Cha. You can serve me materially, Ollapod. I know your good nature, in a case like this, and ———

Olla. State the symptoms of the case, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Oh, common enough. Saw her in London by accident: wheedled the old maiden aunt; kept out of the father's way; follow'd Emily more than a month, without success;—and, eight days ago she vanished—there's the outline.

Olla. I see no matrimonial symptoms in our case, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. 'Sdeath! do you think me mad? But, introduce yourself to the family, and pave the way for me. Come! mount your horse —I'll explain more, as you go to the stable:—but I am in a flame, in a fever, till I hear further.

Olla. In a fever! I'll send you physic enough to fill a baggage-waggon.

Sir Cha. *(aside.)* So! a long bill as the price of his politeness!

Olla. You need not bleed; but you must have medicine.

Sir Cha. If I must have medicine, Ollapod, I fancy I shall bleed pretty freely.

Olla. He! he! Come, that's very well! very well indeed! Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. Before dinner, a strong dose of coloquintida, senna, scammony, and gambouge;—

Sir Cha. Oh, damn scammony and gambouge!

Olla. At night a narcotick;—next day, saline draughts, camphorated julep, and ——

Sir Cha. Zounds! only go, and I'll swallow your whole shop.

Olla. Galen forbid! 'Tis enough to kill every customer I have in the parish!—Then we'll throw in the bark—by the bye, talking of bark, Sir Charles, that Juno of yours is the prettiest pointer bitch ———

Sir Cha. Well, well, she is yours.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles! such sport, next shooting season! —If I had but a double-barrell'd gun ——

Sir Cha. Take mine that hangs in the hall.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles! —Here's a morning's work! senna and coloquintida—*(aside)*.

Sir Cha. Well, be gone then. *(Pushing him)*.

Olla. I'm off—! Scammony and gambouge—

Sir Cha. Nay, fly, man!

Olla. I do, Sir Charles—A double-barrell'd gun—I fly—the bark—I'm going—Juno, the bitch —a narcotick ———

Sir Cha. Oh, the devil! *(Pushing him off)*. [*Exeunt.*

Various Amusements and Popular Diversions in Russia.

From the Picture of Petersburgh.

Continued from page 180 of our last.

I Pass over the other kinds of less usual games in order to give a short account of the great popular entertainments which are sometimes here to be seen in their highest perfection. The most common and the greatest favourite is the swing, which every where and at all times is used as an amusement by persons of every rank and condition; but at Easter is the grand diversion of the holidays. For getting an idea of this diversion we must first understand the mechanism of the swings here used. They may be divided into three sorts: some have a vibrating motion, and these are the most common, well-known in Germany and England; others are turned round in a perpendicular, and others again in a horizontal direction. The first of these latter species consists of two high posts, on the top of which rests an axle having two pair of poles fixed in its centre. Each of these pair of poles has, at its two extremities, a seat suspended to a moveable axis. The proprietor, by turning the axis that rests on the two posts, makes all the eight seats go round in a perpendicular circle, so that they alternately almost touch the ground, and then are mounted aloft in the air. The last kind is composed of chairs, chariots, sledges, wooden horses, swans, goats, &c. fastened at the extremities of long poles and forced rapidly round in a horizontal circle. In the Easter holidays all kinds of machines are set up in the public squares, and, as the vulgar are remarkably fond of this diversion, this is a joyful season to the populace, who then devote themselves without restraint to their national propensity to mirth. Nor do the superior classes disdain to assemble here as spectators, whereby a second highly interesting scene is created. The numerous concourse of persons of all ranks and descriptions who parade in a circle with their elegant and sumptuous equipages, the honest merriment of the crowd, the hearty participation with which they enter into these amusements, the striking and singular appearances of the exhibition itself, give this popular festivity a character so peculiar, that the man of observation who will take the pains to study the nation even on this humourous stage, may catch very powerful strokes of the pencil for his delineation. He will not fail to discern the general gaiety with which old and young, children and grey-beards are possessed, and which is here not kindled for a transitory moment, but is supported by a pleasant occasion and placed in its most agreeable light. He will remark the spirit of urbanity and gallantry appearing in a thousand little sallies, as by no means an indifferent feature in the national character. Here a couple of beggars with their clothes all in tatters, saluting one another in the most decent and respectful manner; a long string of questions about their welfare opens the dialogue, which likewise concludes with a polite embrace. Yonder a young fellow is offering to hand his girl, whose cheeks are glowing with paint and brandy, into the seat in which they are both presently to be canted up in the air; and even in those lofty regions his tenderness never forsakes him. At every anxious

anxious start of his lady he throws one arm about her waist, while with the other he displays his complaisance by a very expressive pantomime. Only one step farther, and the eye is attracted by quite different scenes. The very same people who were but now greeting each other in such friendly terms, are engaged in a violent quarrel, in which they exhaust the enormous store of abusive epithets in which the Russian tongue abounds. All that can degrade and exasperate a human being finds its expression in this energetic language; yet with all this vehemence of speech they never lose their temper. While they are making the most furious gestures, straining their throats to the utmost pitch, bearding one another with the most liberal profusion of insults—there is not the least danger that they should proceed to blows. The police, well-knowing that with all this noise no lives will be lost, cools the heated parties by a plentiful shower from the fire-engine kept on the spot for that purpose; and which is found to be of such excellent service that one of them is always at hand wherever a concourse of people is expected. Now all at once the strife is over, and the two vagabonds are running arm in arm to the nearest pot-house to ratify their renovated friendship over a glass of brandy.

In the vicinity of the swings, booths are usually run up of boards, in which low comedies are performed. Each representation lasts about half an hour, and the price of admittance is five kopeeks. As the confluence of the people is extremely great, and the acting goes on the whole day, the profits are always considerable both to the managers and to the performers, who share the amount between them. The actors, as may readily be supposed, are not such by profession, but mere dilettanti from the lowest classes of the vulgar; who, nevertheless, in the character of the Durak*, utter a number of witty and truly comical speeches.

Another kind of holiday-diversion is the ice-hills, which are erected in the maslanitza, the Russian carnaval, generally on the Neva. Every ice-hill is composed of a scaffold of large timbers about six fathoms in height, having steps on one side for ascending it, and on the opposite side a steep inclined plane covered with large blocks of ice, consolidated together by pouring water repeatedly from the top to the bottom. Men as well as women (the latter, however, only of the lower orders) in little low sledges descend with amazing velocity this steep hill; and by the momentum acquired by this descent, are impelled to a great distance along a large field of ice carefully swept clear of snow for that purpose, which brings them to a second hill; by the side of which they alight, take their sledge on their back, and mount it by the steps behind, as they had done the former. The danger attending this diversion, and other concomitant circumstances, indeed exclude the superior classes of the public from participating in it; but the mere enjoyment of the sight of such a multitude of frolicsome people, the national interest excited by the whole spectacle, the dexterity of the young people who, in great numbers, venture the dangerous precipice upright on skaits, never fail to attract a vast crowd of spectators.

* Durak properly means fool; but likewise may be explained by Harlequin, merry Andrew, Clown, Jack Pudding, &c.

spectators. On these days the Neva is covered with carriages, sledges and foot-walkers, houses and booths being erected on it, in which spirituous liquors are sold, ludicrous farces acted, and dancing bears exhibited. All these people, horses, carriages, sledges and buildings, stand on the winter-covering of a great river, in a place where, within only a few weeks afterwards, large ships will be beating the billows. If it happen, however, to be a mild winter, so as to raise apprehensions that the ice may not be strong enough to sustain this prodigious pressure, precautions are taken by the police to prevent accidents.

Sarcastic Observations upon Bull-Baiting.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

SUCH of your readers as regard the welfare of their country, must hear with pleasure that the subject of *bull-baiting* is about to receive a full and deliberate discussion; and they will not be the less pleased when they are told, from good authority that the grandeur and prosperity of Great Britain, all that is renowned in history, and all that is dear to us as Christians and Britons, have depended, and must depend, on the "blood of bulls." And if their minds were not fired with true patriotism, still it will be an object of great curiosity to know in what manner these important truths can be proved. It must, in the first place, be the bounden duty of the great advocate of bull-dogs, to censure those annalists and historians who have detailed the progress of power, government, and civilization in this country, without giving bull-baiting its due share in producing those effects. It will next fall in his way to state, historically, that bull-baiting was first introduced into England by King John, a fact which involves certain very important inferences. King John, it is well known, wished to rule without law or constitution—"Give us our constitution," said the Barons—"I'll give you bull-baiting," answered the King—"Give us our liberties," said the Barons—"You shall have a bull to bait," answered the King—"Give us the code of Alfred," said the Barons—"I'll promote the breed of bull-dogs," answered the King—"Give us Magna Charta," said the Barons—"Can't you be content with bull-baiting?" answered the King.

But since that period many advocates for breeding, have been irritated to a wonderful degree of soreness at the least attempt to abridge the pangs of a bull tied to a stake, and have never been so happy in their arguments on this subject, as when they could exclaim with Virgil—

> ———— "Taurus
> "Concidit, et mixtum spumis vomit ore
> "cruorem,
> "Extremosque ciet gemitus."

The advocate for bull-baiting should now demonstrate by a train of beautiful positions, metaphors, and similies, the effect which it has produced, on the spirit and courage of Englishmen—what share it had in the reformation—in the restoration—and in the revolution—the three grand eras in our history, the secret moving principles of which will now be found—not in the wisdom of cabinets, or the promotion of reason—but in the people being properly trained to the amusement of bull-baiting. Bringing the argument still nearer our

our own times, the obligations the Duke of Marlborough was under to this noble and valorous sport, may be fairly stated; and lastly, its due merit assigned in the victories of Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson—and by what means our sailors, merely from a knowledge of bull-baiting, were enabled to break the line, and perform a feat which no other navy has dared to attempt. The recent landing in Egypt, and success there, may, on equal grounds, be attributed to the same causes, and shew, beyond all contradiction, the absurdity of the interference of Magistrates, and other persons, whose minds have been perverted by false notions of humanity, and who think, oddly enough, there is no great courage in tormenting an animal that is deprived of its natural defence, and that what is not courage in itself cannot produce bravery in others.

However, should such arguments as I have already hinted at be encouraged, they would apply, with equal effect, to that congenial amusement, or rather science, cock-fighting, or throwing at cocks, and thus every source of spirit and valour be for ever dried up. And the mighty return for this irreparable loss would only be, that in a moment of weakness, we had consulted the interests of humanity, and fondly imagined that the populace might be diverted with amusements more correspondent to their character, than the torments of the helpless, the effusion of blood, or the agonies of death.

JUVENCULUS.

UPON THE ABSOLUTE IMPORTANCE BOTH OF BOXING AND BULL-BAITING.

It is not very extraordinary that, after so long a war, the elegant amusement of boxing should become popular. People have been so much accustomed to battles and blood-shed, that they cannot brook a sudden stoppage of these interesting details. Boxing and bull-baiting afford tolerable substitutes. Instead of "the pomp and circumstances of glorious war" on the grand theatre of Europe, we are reduced to a scaffold twenty-four feet square, at the fag end of a county.

By the way, the word scaffold should be avoided; it is ominous, and calculated to excite very unpleasant prospects in the minds of the heroes.

Though the scene be thus confined, we have all the essential points of a pitched battle in attack and defence: instead of the *left* and *right wings*, we find the right or left *eye* very much *maltreated*, as the French call it, and sometimes put *hors de combat*; sometimes the *front of the line*, vulgarly called the *nose*, is very roughly handled; again, the centre is driven in upon the rear, and so on.

Nay, more, these warlike operations are detailed in the official Journals of the Belligerents, and the merits of their different pretensions are discussed in manifestos, which discover no small resemblance to many State Papers that have issued from St. James's or the Thuilleries. All this, to be sure, is war in miniature, but it is war still.

We fear that experience has sufficiently proved that man is a pugnacious animal. Those who do not fight themselves are sure to do every thing they can to make others fight. Seeing then, that this disposition is so prevalent, it may be worthy the attention of the

the naturalist and politician, to render the gratification of it, upon the whole, as little mischievous as possible. Perhaps, persons who are allowed to taste the enjoyments of witnessing a boxing-match, a bull-baiting, or a cock-fight, might limit their desires to these, without endeavouring to set nations by the ears, and converting whole continents into a bear-garden!

Aware, therefore, of the importance of indulging this pugnacious disposition, we are inclined to think that a prudent legislature, and a pacific ministry, will oppose no obstacle to the campaigns of dogs, bulls, and boxing-masters. A strict neutrality should be observed towards the different brutes. Nay, we have heard, not without considerable satisfaction, that a bear-garden is to be established, under the patronage of *persons of distinction!* This will afford a new field of recreation to the lovers of sports, that are the very image of war.

We are sensible that it may be objected, that these sports will rather encourage the fierce disposition, particularly as it has been observed of certain ferocious animals, that having once tasted blood, they are not to be withheld from pursuit of game. To this we answer, that the passion must have some food; hunger will render it quite outrageous, and if we prohibit boxing-matches and bear fights, the peace cannot last a twelvemonth. Such, from its having no vent, would, in so short a space, be the accumulation of pugnacious matter in the nation.

T. C.

UPON THE ORIGIN OF BULL-BAITING.

By another Correspondent.

Capel Lofft, Esq. in your Magazine, has shewn his usual good sense, good learning, and good nature, in trying to remove from the genteel town of Bury, the reproach of encouraging, or permitting, so abominable a custom, as that of Bull-running or Bull-baiting, though it is also practised at many other reputable places, as at Tutbury, Stamford, &c.

Mr. Gough, in his edition of Camden, vol. 2, p. 395, gives this account of the former:—"There was another extraordinary ceremony of electing a King of the Minstrels, and turning out a Bull by the Prior of Tutbury, which being soaped and made as mad as possible, was to be pursued by them, and when taken within the county, and before sun-set, to be brought to the market-cross, and there baited. By this bull, as a tenure, the Duke of Devonshire holds the priory, but of late years has commuted for it, and gives the minstrels four marks, whether they get the bull or not. The King of Music and the bailiff have also of late compounded: the bailiff giving the King five nobles, in lieu of his right to the bull, and then sends him to the Earl of Devon's manor of Hardwick to be fed, and given to the poor at Christmas. Sir Simon Degge was steward here several years, but there was no going to the church in his, nor his predecessor's time, but it might be so in the time of Popery, and discontinued since."

It is very well known, that such was the grossness and barbarity of former times, even of Societies of Regular Clergy, that we cannot deny the account from its unsuitableness to their professions and functions: but though I have not Mr. Shaw's magnificent History of Staffordshire at hand, and therefore am forced to speak from memory only, and so may easily be mistaken,

mistaken, yet I think he clearly proves that the custom no way depended on the priory, but to some grant of the Castle by John of Gaunt, or some other great man;* and I hope, if this matter is properly examined, it will not be found, like the quiet and solemn procession of the white bull, to have any reference at all to our magnificent abbey:—but whether it does or not, the custom should be honoured in the breach, not in the observance.

RAPTIM.

BOXERS, AND THEIR BAIL.

It is well known, that Warrants being issued in the course of last month by the Earl of Radnor, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Berks, for apprehending Belcher, Joe Ward, Harry Lee, and Bourke, for breach of the Peace, by "unlawfully assembling, and publicly fighting, at Hurley, in the County of Berkshire;" all of them, the latter excepted, have obtained bail; but Bourke, like greater men, "being deserted at his utmost need," was obliged to submit to durance vile, in the common gaol at Reading.—Belcher, Ward, and Lee, however, appearing with their bail at the Office, in Bow-street, on Friday, Jan. 29, before Mr. Bond, the following are the particulars of the examination which took place on the occasion:—

MR. Bond—" I think you are a principal in this outrage of the peace—Your surname is Belcher—Pray, Sir, what is your Christian name?"

A. " James."

Q. " Where was you born?"

A. " Bristol."

Q. "What's your trade?—How do you get your living?"

A. " I am a Butcher."

Q. " Where do you live?"

A. " No. 9, Hungerford Market."

Q. " Are you ready with your bail, to answer this serious charge of the county of Berks?"

A. " I am."

Q. " Where are they?"

A. " Here"—*(Pointing to Mess. Brown and Evans.)*

Mr. Brown.—" I am ready to give bail for Mr. Belcher's appearance, to answer the indictment against him for a breach of the peace in the county of Berks."

Mr. Bond.—" I find you are, Sir. Pray what is your name? And where do you live?"

Mr. Brown.—" My name is Thomas Brown. I live in Whitcombe-street, St. Martin's in the Fields, where I have rented a house five-and-twenty years."

Mr. Bond.—" How do you live, Sir? I must be excused, Mr. Brown, in putting particular questions to you, and the other gentleman who now purposes to offer himself as bail in this affair, as the prosecution being at the instance of the Lord Lieutenant of a county, every satisfaction must be given to the Solicitor who now acts for my Lord Radnor—I therefore repeat, by what means do you live?"

Mr. Brown.—" I live by my fortune—I am a Gentleman."

Mr. Bond.—" You follow no profession or trade, Mr. Brown?"

Mr. Brown.—" I do not."

Mr. Bond.—" Are you worth a hundred pounds after all your debts are paid?"

A. " I am."

Mr. Bond.—" If Mr. Vines, the gentleman who acts here as Solicitor for Lord Radnor, has no objection, I think the bail is sufficient."

Mr. Vines.—" The county will be perfectly satisfied with any bail approved by Mr. Bond."

[*Mr. Brown was then bound in surety to the amount of one hundred pounds for Belcher's appearance, and the latter, as a principal, in two hundred pounds.*]

Mr. Bond.—*(Addressing himself* to

to the next bail.)—" Your name is Evans, I am informed. As all you fighting gentlemen are strangers to me, favour me, Sir, with your Christian name?"

A. " Philip."

Q. " Pray, Philip Evans, what are your pursuits in life?—I mean, of what trade or profession are you?"

A. " I am an Oyster Merchant, and live in Hungerford Market."

Q. " What house do you rent? And how long, Mr. Evans, have you lived where you now say you reside?"

A. " I rent two houses, the one my dwelling-house, the other my warehouse—I have lived there since I was a child—Indeed I was born there—Have myself rented my premises for upwards of five-and-twenty years—And am, on my oath worth upwards of two hundred pounds, after all my debts are paid."

Mr. Bond.—" I think Mr. Reed *(Magistrate for the Chelsea Division)* the defendant has good bail; but the charge being from a very respectable county, I shall not receive even this bail, unless admitted by you and Mr. Vines."

Mr. Reed.—" From what Mr Evans has mentioned, and with your concurrence, I am contented."

Mr. Vines.—" I have not the smallest objection on this occasion to Mr. Evans. From his representation, the end of justice, and civil order in society, may be answered."

[*Mr. Evans was then bound over in one hundred pounds, as the second surety for Mr. Belcher.*]

Mr. Bond.—" We now come to Mr. Ward, who acted as second in this contest. It is very remarkable, that I have not the *honour* of knowing any of the *fighting gentlemen* now before me. They have never yet come within my boundaries. — *(Addressing himself to Ward)*—" Your name is Joe Ward?—Pray what trade do you follow? or how do you live?"

A. " I am a Blacksmith, and live in the neighbourhood of Sloane-street."

Q. " Have you got bail?—'Tis strange that such a *distinguished* personage lives in my neighbourhood, without my knowledge of the fact!!"

A. " I have got bail: and, with submission to your Worship, there are many strange things in your neighbourhood, that neither you, nor any of the Magistrates, are acquainted with."

Q. " Pray what age are you, Mr. Ward?—This question, if not interesting to the Bench, is at least to the *fighting world.*"

A. " Fifty-six, Sir."

Q. " Have you always followed this boxing vocation? At your time of life, your attention ought to be directed to other objects."

A. " I sometimes take a *spar*, Sir—I sometimes attend meetings—but I'm a plain downright blacksmith."

Q. " Come, Sir, I'm not to carry on an unnecessary conversation with you—Have you bail?"

A. " I have, Messrs. Brown and Evans."

Mr. Vines.—" As these two men appear in a double capacity, first, bail for the one, and next, bail for the other, it is necessary that their property should be fully ascertained."

Mr. Bond.—"Gentlemen, you've heard the observation of the Solicitor for the prosecution.—What say you, Mr. Brown—In what does your property consist?"

A. " I have now eight hundred pounds in my banker's, Messrs. Biddulphs and Cox's, Charing-Cross.—The rest of my property

is of various kinds, such as houses, &c."

Q. "Do you, Mr. Brown, possess any other houses than those which you now describe?"

A. "Two more—I mean I rent them—They are my furnishing."

Q. "Where?"

A. "In Whitcombe-street."

Q. "I believe I guess what sort of houses you mean."—(*Mr. Bond here addressed himself to Mr. Brown in a very significant manner, and, as all the houses in this distinguished street are of an unexceptionable character, we are not even presume to conjecture to what the worthy Magistrate alluded*).

Mr. Vines—(*Solicitor for Berkshire.*)—"As the purposes of justice will be fully answered by this bail, he appearing to be a man of property, I wish to know Mr. Evans's statement. Permit me, therefore, Mr. Bond, to ask, in what Mr. Evans's property consists?"

Mr. Evans.—"I have, after all my debts are paid, two thousand five hundred pounds awarded me by the Court of Chancery."

Mr. Vines.—"Since I have entered this office, I have been glancing at one of Mr. Bond's law-books, and accidentally discovered, that an award in Chancery is not property realised. I therefore must object to this bail, unless better substantiated."

Mr. Evans.—"I have, besides, please your Worship, some craft on the river."

Mr. Bond.—"Barges, Mr. Evans?"

A. "No, please your Worship; three boats in which I convey my oysters and fish from Billingsgate to my residence."

Mr. Vines.—"I think this property, as a double security for the sum now required, in some degree inadequate."

Mr. Bond.—"I have too great respect for the county of Berks, and also for Lord Radnor, to recommend any improper bail. From the description, however, given by Sayer—(*the officer who took Belcher and Ward into custody*)—I am of opinion that this bail is fully adequate to the end of justice."

Mr. Vines.—"I wish the sum, in this instance, doubled."

Mr. Bond.—"I cannot, in the case of a simple misdemeanour, think of excessive bail. Mr. Reed, with all my respect for the county of Berks, and no man can have greater, I cannot, if you are satisfied, deviate so far from the principles of candour and justice, as to reject this bail, it appearing fully adequate to all the purposes intended. It may be recollected that both Mr. Brown and Mr. Evans have candidly and unequivocally answered all the questions put to them; and I see no reason for concluding that the bail is not sufficient, the parties proving their property, and residing as they describe."

Mr. Reed (of Chelsea).—"I beg leave, Mr. Bond, to concur in your opinion."

"Mr. Vines—And I, Gentlemen."

[*Messrs. Brown and Evans were then bound over in the same sum for the appearance of Joe Ward.*]

Mr. Bond uttered loudly—"Is there any bail for Bourke, the opposite principal now in Berkshire gaol?—(*No answer*)—It is but fair, on my part, Mr. Reed, to state to you, as a Magistrate, my opinion, that Bourke has, from first to last in this shameful business, been very ill-used. According to my information, he was cajoled out of prison the night preceding the fight, without any *training*, or without any regard to his *condition*, which was exceedingly precarious from the confinement which he had suffered

suffered for debt; and, for his liberty, which is dear to every man, consented, in this state, to encounter Mr. Belcher, he who is now before you. But what was the consequence? He was called forth as the champion of a few interested persons, who betted against Bourke, although they pretended to befriend him by purchasing his liberty; and who have now abandoned and left him, without the smallest aid or regard to his fate; while Mr. Belcher, the Victor of the Day, appears now surrounded with friends—no doubt great gainers by his enterprise. It was incumbent on me, in my public capacity, to declare, that such meetings are not only an outrage of the principles of order in society, but a disgrace to the parties connected. I am astonished, (said the Magistrate sarcastically) that neither Mr. Belcher nor Mr. Ward, ever ventured to try their skill publicly in Middlesex.—What is the cause, Mr. Ward, that you seem to prefer some other county than that in which you live? I suppose, as an *old stager*, you have your reasons—you know better." (Here Joe Ward very significantly shrugged up his shoulders.)

The parties then, after the usual formalities, were dismissed.

Harry Lee afterwerds made his appearance, and gave bail to stand trial at the same time. His sureties were—Mr. Dyson, of Park-lane, and Mr. Saunders, of Green-street, Grosvenor-square, both sporting gentlemen.

It further appears, that a singular mistake, or error, occurred in the indictment, brought by the Magistrates of Berkshire, against Bourke, whose name is Joseph; but the Magistrate not liking that denomination, stiled him, "Edmund Burke!" a man highly renowned in the *pugilistic annals* of *philosophy* and *politics*. In any thing that appertained, or had any connection with literature or politics, it is true, the illustrious deceased was not slow in throwing down, nor in taking up the gauntlet, and in that gave his antagonist many a knock-down blow; but a *ring* for pugilism, was a *circle* he never moved in; and the Magistrates, in prosecuting poor Bourke, who has been very ill used by his pretended friends, conferred upon him an honour to which his ambition could never have aspired.

A Pleasant Anecdote,

Relative to Hot-House Plants.

An ingenious Gardener, a few years since, at Battersea, was in the habit of raising for sale very curious flowers and tender plants, in a hot-house erected by him at some expence, for the purpose, and for which he had no inconsiderable call. The Rector, at last, made a demand of Tithes for the same, and (as the story goes) actually set out, in the presence of the poor panic-struck Gardener, every tenth pot. He told him he should send a cart for them, paying the value of the pots in which they were raised and growing.—In the interim the Gardener had been advised how to act. The cart came, and the Rector with it, to see that the pots were carefully put in. The Gardener, very deliberately took up the first pot, shook out all the earth, and gave the naked plant to the Carter. He then proceeded to do the same by the next, but was stopped; it being evident that every flower and plant, so served, must inevitably perish! It was insisted to have the

the pots and their contents as they were, paying for the pots "No, (says the Gardener) that cannot be! the law may give you my flowers and plants, but it does not give you my Landlord's Freehold! The mould in which they grow is a portion of his freehold, and I have received no intelligence from him that he has assigned it over to you, nor will I sell you my pots; so, Mr. Rector, you will be pleased to be satisfied with the plants and flowers only." Our readers will anticipate the rest: The Gardener saved his plants; and the Rector (being a man of genius and humour himself) even laughed at the stratagem.

The Ipswich Fracas and its Consequences.

AT the beginning of Michaelmas term, 1801, the Court of King's Bench was moved for judgment against Stephen Stodhart, Esq. a Lieutenant in the 6th Regiment of Dragoons, and Aid-du-Camp to General Garth, for a very unprovoked assault on John Prentice, Esq. Treasurer of the Subscription Assembly, at Ipswich in Suffolk. By the rules of the Society, which occupied these rooms, the subscribers paid their money yearly, with an exception in favour of military gentlemen who were permitted, on account of the uncertainty of their stay to subscribe for half the season It appeared, the General had entered the ball-room without having paid his subscription; and that one of the door-keepers went up, and told him it was against the rule to come there before he paid it. The General was offended with the door-keeper, and desired him to go about his business. Mr. Stodhart hearing of the circumstance, considered Mr. Prentice as the author of the insult the General had received: he went to him, and though he was told it was solely the fault of the door-keeper, he behaved in the most insulting manner, and pulled Mr. Prentice by the nose. The affair was taken up by the gentlemen of the Assembly, at whose instance the prosecution was instituted. The affidavit of the defendant stated his regret at what had passed, and that he had been at all times ready to make an apology.

Mr. Erskine addressed the Court in mitigation of punishment.

Lord Kenyon said, it was a most atrocious offence; and that, as a military officer, who was bound to keep the peace, he was doubly reprehensible.

He was ordered to the prison of the Court to be brought up again on th[illegible]day of next term.

[illegible] of Hilary term, 1802, Mr. [illegible]hart was brought up to receive judgment. He addressed the Court, by saying, "I request of your Lordship to say a few words. Since I was last in this Court, my situation in life has been materially changed by the reduction of the Staff Officers, which took place on the 24th of last month, by which I lost my appointment of Major of Brigade, and with that half my income: I have now only my Lieutenancy; and having received peremptory orders to join my regiment, if I do not obey them, the consequences to me will be of the utmost importance."

Justice Grose.—"Part of that which you have stated to the Court has been made known to us (by what means I don't know)—that part of your statement which relates to the reduction of your income; and we are prepared to take that into our consideration.

"Stephen

"Stephen Stodhart! you have been indicted for having committed an assault upon John Prentice, Esq.; of which, by suffering judgment to go by default, you admit yourself to be guilty. The case is not an ordinary one; and it is fit for the public, that those facts should be commented upon, which form the grounds of our sentence. It appears, that at the time of the assault, you was a Lieutenant in the Sixth Regiment of Dragoons, at Ipswich, and Aid-du-Camp to General Garth; that being there, the inhabitants of the town of Ipswich, with that courtesy which belongs to them (how far you merised it, the facts of this case will shew) permitted you and the General to partake of their amusements at their public assemblies. For this courtesy, respect to them, and attention to their rules, at least was due from you. It f[illegible]ther appears, that at one [illegible] assemblies the General [illegible] en[illegible] at the side door, ([illegible]hich means the door-keeper had not had the means of reminding him that the subscription was at an end, and that, according to their rules, the subscription of the next three balls must be discharged), an application was made with all becoming propriety by the prosecutor, who is a gentleman, and one of the principal inhabitants of Ipswich, not to the General, but to a friend of his, which he deemed the most delicate manner of applying to the General. What is answer was, does not appear, neither is it material; but when you spoke to General Garth in the room, and enquired what had passed, he said the door-keeper had dunned him for his admittance money. That this should have given the General offence, I will not admit, because the door-keeper only did his duty, at which no reasonable man could be offended: but upon which it appears you thought fit, officiously and unnecessarily, to take offence; though it is sworn, and is not denied, that the prosecutor had given no directions to the door-keeper to act as he had done, and had addressed you in terms of civility and mildness. In return for a groundless accusation made by you, instead of making an apology, you followed up your improper conduct by very improper language, and by an assault committed with violence, and attended with outrageous circumstances of indignity, which I shall avoid stating. No man can doubt, that your proceeding was intended to provoke a challenge. Your conduct, it appears, has been consistent with itself in every part: an[illegible] was the behaviour of the prosecutor; but totally the reverse of yours; it was the behaviour of a gentleman, avoiding to give offence, and not prone to take it. Upon investigating the probable motives that operated upon your mind, I feel myself bound, in justice, to acquit you of any preconceived malice: the sum of your offence, may have been as you stated in your affidavit in mitigation, an excess of irritability on account of the act of the door-keeper, done without the prosecutor's knowledge; which he was about to explain, and which explanation you disdaining to hear, committed this offence against good manners, against the company who had so handsomely admitted you a part of their assembly, and against the law of the land. This was certainly an excess of criminal irritability, which it was your duty to resist: and which, if it is not resisted, will always lead its victim[illegible] sacrifices to the honourable feelings of others, and bring upon themselves remorse and shame. It is a deplorable

weakness,

weakness, which a wise man will never indulge, and the occasional effects of which, as they affect him who inflicts the wound, as well as him who receives it, a benevolent man may well contemplate with horror.

"Upon the extent and danger of your crime in society, you will do well, upon your return to the place from whence you came, to ponder, and reflect, what your feelings as a man would have been, had any person treated you, whilst politely asking what you had a right to demand, with the like violence and the same indignity wherewith you treated the prosecutor. Think of this, and of his temperate, gentlemanly conduct. To his courage, that passive courage, so much to be admired, and so little practised, which never yields to a sudden disgraceful resentment, but leaves to the temperate justice of the law to enforce its penalties for its violation, it is probable you are indebted that you have to receive sentence for a misdemeanour only. We lament to observe, that complaints of this sort, against gentlemen of your order, prone to take offence, have of late too frequently pressed themselves upon our notice: we have endeavoured to correct them, I fear with little success. It is for me, however, to observe, that if the means which have already been used are insufficient for the purpose, there remain others, more severe, in store for those who will not profit by example, and should turn out to be obstinate offenders. Such men, if they have not already learned, must be taught, by adequate punishment, that it is not only their duty to assist in protecting the country in its peace, but also to abstain from giving any wanton unnecessary offence to individuals. For the offence which you have committed, this Court, attending to the imprisonment you have already suffered, as well as to all the circumstances of your case, as disclosed by your affidavit, do order and adjudge, that you be imprisoned in the custody of the Marshal of the Marshalsea of this Court, Four Calendar Months; and that, at the expiration of such time, you shall give security for your good behaviour for the space of Three Years, yourself in Five Hundred Pounds, with two sufficient sureties in Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds each; and that you be further imprisoned till such time as such security be found."

QUI TAM ACTION

Against Poulterers for selling Game.

…NE… HUC…IES.

This … …tio… brought to reco… … seve… …alties on the Game Laws,

The witness for the prosecution was a person who described himself to have been, formerly, a stay-maker, and, having failed in that business, now follows that of a house-agent, in Queen-Ann-street, East. This person swore, that he had, at four several times, between the 20th and 30th of December, 1801, purchased game at the defendant's shop, in Leadenhall-market, for his own table; he said, he mentioned the circumstance in the presence of the prosecutor, by whom he was brought into Court by subpœna, to prove the fact. He swore, that he bought the game from a young man who was in Court, and whom he believed to be Robert Hughes. A card was also produced, which was had from the shop, and purported, that the business was carried on by Robert Hughes, successor to Mr. Ford.

On the defence it was proved, that Robert Hughes, the person named

named on the card, as successor to Mr. Ford, had been dead nine years; that Robert Hughes, his son, was under age, and had no concern in the business; that the business was carried on by Sarah Hughes, the widow, for the benefit of her children; that the witness for the prosecution was a common informer, and, therefore, his testimony should be received with diffidence.

Richard Smeeton, the shopman of Mrs. Hughes, whom the witness for the prosecution had pointed out as Robert Hughes, the person who had sold him the game, swore, that he knew the witness to be a common informer, and, so far from selling him game, if he came to ask for any, he would have had him flogged round the market. He wa[illegible]ent he had not sold him any, as he never [illegible] to any but those whom he [illegible]. This witness and anoth[illegible]ed, t[illegible] Robert Hughes, [illegible] son of Mrs. Hughes, was under age, had no concern in the business, and never served in the shop.

Mrs. Hughes proved the same. —Plaintiff nonsuited

Duel.

A Meeting took place on Saturday, January 16, near Dublin, between Mr. Ogle, Member for that City, and a Mr. Coyle, of Linen-hall-street, when each of the gentlemen fired four shots without effect; at which time Judge Chamberlain arrived, and took both into custody; observing, that if he did not err, Mr. Coyle was under recognizance of 400l. to keep the Peace. The cause of this duel was as follows:

Mr. Coyle, having heard that Mr. Ogle, one of the Members for that City, said at a dinner given by the Lord Mayor, "that a Papist would as soon take a false oath as swallow a poached egg," enquired from Mr. O. whether he had so expressed himself, shewing a paper containing the alledged words; to which Mr. Ogle replied, "that he had; but that he alluded to Papist Rebels only." Mr. C. not satisfied with the explanation, made some strong comments, and concluded with saying, "the charge made by Mr. O. at the Lord Mayor's was as false as it was uncharitable." The meeting, in consequence, immediately took place.

A Remarkable Duel Prevented.

A FRAIL sister, in Titchfield-street, and another, who resides near Dover-street, had a dispute, a few evenings ago, at Drury-lane Theatre. The consequence was, they exchanged cards, and were to have fought in Hyde-Park, with pistols, but were prevented, having been pursued by their friends. A haberdasher's shop boy was second to one of the heroines, and a smart attorney to the other.

Novel Exhibitions on Ice.

DURING the late frost, the following pleasing and novel scenes took place:—

A party of young persons, consisting of six couples, danced a variety of country dances on the ice, on Knepp Mill-pond, in the parish of Shipley, in Sussex; and a number of young men played a regular match of cricket, for a large bowl of punch; both which novel exhibitions afforded a deal of harmless hilarity to a great number of spectators.

Generosity

GENEROSITY IN A SAILOR.

A Sailor, named Fleming, was pressed, about two years since, and put on board a tender, the day before he was about to be married. This was done by the treachery of an acquaintance, who had not only borrowed a sum of money of him, but who endeavoured to supplant him in the affections of the girl of his heart. The girl, however, proved faithful in his absence, and her fond *Tar* lately arrived, flush of prize-money. Informed of the iniquitous conduct of his supposed friend, he arrested him for the sum lent, and then sent him the following letter:—

"So, Mr. *Crimp*, you are in *bilboes*, I find. That was a d—d *foull weather* trick you played me; but you are *under hatches*, and there I'll keep you, until matrimony has *spliced* me to my dear *Poll*—I'll then give you leave to *sheer off*; but hark'ye, my boy, when you are free from the *grapples*, don't *steer* in my *wake*, or I may give you a *salute* you won't like. I wou'dn't wish to send you to *Davy's locker*, because as how, if I had not been *pressed*, I might not have *fell in* with the *prize-money*. So you ungrateful *swab*, I forgive you, that is, after I am *lain along side* of my sweet *Poll*. No more at present from your's,

JOE FLEMING."

P. S. As I understand you love *Poll*, I send you a guinea by bearer to drink her health.

THE CABINET,

A NEW COMIC OPERA.

ON Tuesday evening, the 9th instant, a new Comic Opera, entitled, *The Cabinet*, was performed, for the first time, at Covent-Garden Theatre. The principal characters were thus sustained:—

Curvoso, an old Italian Nobleman	Mr. Emery
Lorenzo, his Son	Mr. Incledon
Orlando (young Prince) in love with Curvoso's daughter	Mr. Braham
Whimsiculo, his Valet	Mr. Fawcett
Marquis de Grand Chateau, a rich old French Nobleman, Rival to Orlando	Mr. Blanchard
Manikin, Page to the Marquis	Mr. Simmons
Peter, an Englishman, Servant to Curvoso	Mr. Munden
Constantia, Daughter to Curvoso	Mrs. H. Johnston
Floretta, her Maid	Sig. Storace
Crudelia, Rival to Constantia	Mrs. Dibdin
Curiosa, her Maid	Mrs. Mattocks
Leonora, Sister to Orlando, and beloved by Lorenzo	Mrs. Atkins
Di[illegible]alice, Step-mother to Orlando	[illegible]rs. Powell
Biancha, a Fisherman's Widow	Mrs. Davenport

The Scene is in Italy, and the Fable as follows:—*Curvoso*, a rich but avaricious Italian Count, has promised his daughter to *Orlando*, the independent Prince of the adjoining territory, but, upon the unexpected success of *Orlando*'s enemies, who suddenly despoil him of his lands, *Curvoso* revokes his consent, and accepts the offer of an old French Marquis, whose well-filled coffers are sufficient to render him amiable in the eyes of the old Count, but not so in those of his daughter, who, after respectfully expostulating with her father on his former promises to *Orlando*, rejects the Marquis with disdain. *Whimsiculo*, a confidential servant of *Orlando*'s, is detected in an attempt to convey a letter to *Constantia*, and her father, glad of a pretext to break with *Orlando*, entirely orders all the presents and trinkets

trinkets his daughter had received from the young Prince to be instantly returned. Among them is a splendid Cabinet, containing a beautiful artificial bird, which sings upon the pressure of a secret spring. In this Cabinet *Constantia* conceals herself, to avoid the presence of the Marquis, when her father, angry at not finding her, and that the presents still remained in her apartment, orders them all to be instantly removed, and, seconded by the entreaties of the Marquis, he thus unknowingly sends away his daughter to the very man he wished her to avoid. The palace of *Curvoso* is described to be at a very short distance from that of *Orlando*, to which, accompanied by her faithful attendant, *Floretta*, *Constantia* is conveyed. *Orlando*, who mourns the return of his seemingly-rejected presents, is doubly impressed with joy when he beholds the object of his affection, who accompanies them. He determines to solicit *Curvoso* once more, in hopes that the escape of *Constantia* will alter her father's determination, and to back his suit with the pleasing intelligence that he has repulsed his enemies, and regained his territories. In the mean time, that the reputation of *Constantia* may not run the risk of censure, she remains secluded in an apartment of the palace, accessible only to her attendant, *Floretta*, who is to make the bird in the Cabinet sing, as a signal of her approach, and *Orlando* is to announce his return by a token nearly similar. This arrangement is overheard by *Curiosa*, the waiting-maid of *Crudelia*, who is enamoured of *Orlando*, and who, finding herself rejected, displays all the vindictive rancour of Italian jealousy. By the above-mentioned information of her servant she is led to examine the Cabinet, searches for the secret spring which is to animate the bird, and, by giving the signal of *Floretta's* supposed approach, succeeds in getting *Constantia* in her power, whom she commits to the custody of four bravoes, who are ordered to imprison her in an apartment of the palace (which overlooks a lake) till she can be sent back with disgrace to her father, or effectually concealed from the pursuit of *Orlando*. *Diuralice*, the step-mother of the Prince, assists the cause of *Crudelia*, but at the same time tempers the resentments of the latter so far as to preserve *Constantia* from any farther personal violence than that of confinement. *Orlando* perfectly succeeds with *Curvoso* in procuring the dismissal of the Marquis. The old Count also consents to strengthen the alliance, by giving his son *Lorenzo* to *Leonora*, the sister of *Orlando*, to whose palace they joyfully repair; and *Orlando*, leading them to the apartment where he had left *Constantia*, triumphantly gives the signal of his return, but is distracted at finding the apartment empty. Some one is then heard to breathe in the Cabinet, which revives *Orlando*, who, supposing that *Constantia* may have been induced to seek further concealment in it, breaks it open, and is again disappointed at discovering *Floretta*, who, in whimsical terror, informs him that she had taken refuge there to avoid the fury of the ladies who had carried off her mistress. During this, *Constantia*, in endeavouring to escape from the window of her prison, falls into the lake which flows beneath, but is saved, and conveyed to a fisherman's hut on a small island, by *Peter*, an old servant of her father's, who had been unjustly discharged

charged by him, and is thus avenged by preserving the daughter of a man whose own life he had formerly saved, and had followed him from Engand, his native home. *Constantia* sends *Peter* with a letter to the Abbess of a neighbouring convent, to request shelter till she can make peace with her father, justly considering the misfortunes that have befallen her elopement as a punishment for a breach of duty. The Abbess sends the letter to *Crudelia*, who, finding *Orlando's* passion for *Constantia* unalterable, and partly repenting of her jealousy, generously renounces her own wishes, and informs *Orlando* where to find his mistress. Her father, lover, and relation, repair in their gondolas to the island on the lake. *Constantia*, fearful of *Crudelia's* emissaries, has taken the disguise of a reputed witch, who is supposed to be dumb, and before she discovers herself to her friends, informs them (through *Biancha*, the fisherman's widow, who explains her signs) of several incidents in their own lives, which make them give credit to her supernatural pretensions, and insist on her producing *Constantia* upon pain of death. She then throws off her disguise, expresses her obligations to *Peter* and *Biancha*, and the piece concludes by a general reconciliation. The subservient incidents of the Opera result from the courtship of *Whimsiculo* and *Floretta*, and the jealousy of *Curiosa*, who loves *Whimsiculo*, and apes her mistress, *Crudelia*, in her prosecution of her rival. The character of *Peter* is also a very prominent feature of the piece, and appears drawn with a view to portray the genuine honesty, bravery, and feeling, of a British seaman.

This Drama is certainly entitled to much commendation; there is a regular plot, tolerably well supported by sprightly dialogue; and if it boasts no striking features of interest, it at least contains nothing that is calculated to offend. Though the scene is laid in Italy, some neat and appropriate compliments to Great Britain are contrived to be introduced, which, as well as many other parts of the dialogue produce considerable effect. There is a variety of very pleasing music, by Reeve, Moorhead, Davy, Corri, and Braham.

Incledon's songs are principally the composition of Mr. Davy, who has displayed great musical genius. A quintette of his composition is most beautiful, and was loudly applauded. Mr. Davy will hereafter rank with composers better known to the public. His songs are charmingly adapted to Incledon's voice, particularly the hunting song, which we have inserted in our Poetical Department, and which was loudly encored.

The scenery is very beautiful. The Opera begins at sun-rise, with a view of *Curioso*'s castle; the second act is in the gardens and palace of *Orlando* at midnight; and the last act concludes with a moon-light view of a cottage upon a lake. The piece was well received throughout, and announced for repetition with general applause.

Answer to Dr. Lettsom, on the Preservation of Small Birds.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I Have read with great pleasure, Dr. Lettsom's observations, in your

your last Number, page 210, and am convinced from all my own observations, that they are perfectly correct; and that birds collectively taken, do infinitely more service than harm.

Perhaps, however, a useful distinction might be made with respect to the species, which ought principally to be encouraged and protected. In this view, we may divide the feathered tribe into granivorous and carnivorous, or, more properly, insectivorous; those which are wholly or chiefly graniverous, certainly do much mischief, and ought rather to be discouraged; while to the others, every possible protection ought to be extended. The crow (as Dr. Lettsom judiciously observes) is both graniverous and carniverous; but as they are, the carrion crow in particular, rather more of the latter character they are deserving of kindness and attention; the rook, least of all, since it eats the most corn. The magpye, too, is almost entirely carniverous, and is one of the most useful creatures that exists. I always think when I hear of one of their nests being destroyed by unlucky boys, that society has lost so many friends. They are indefatigable in their pursuit of insects, and indeed, almost subsist on the larger and most destructive kinds, as slugs, caterpillars, &c. Next to the magpye, the blackbird is, of all the inhabitants of the woods, the most serviceable to man. He not only enlivens us with his charming song, but clears our gardens and our fields of their worst enemies. There ought to be a penalty, on taking the nest of either the blackbird or the thrush, which, as well as the blackbird, subsists during the spring almost wholly on insects. The robin-red-breast stands in the same predicament: such is his appetite for insects, that he regularly follows the spade of the delver, and that often at a small distance; and probably not less from his utility, than his pleasing familiar habits, is such a favourite with country people. Among the insects on which he preys, are some of the most destructive that exist; the several kinds of earth-grubs, the *larvæ* of insects of the beetle kind, and the *julus*, or hundred-legs, a most pernicious insect, which, wherever it prevails, produces a tumour on the roots of cabbages, broccoli, &c. and entirely spoils the growth of the plant. Another singular benefactor to man, is the swallow. A single bird of this genus, it is calculated, will destroy nearly five thousand moths and butterflies in a week; and if we consider the countless number of caterpillars these would have produced, can we do otherwise than hail the approach of these active friends, these cheerful and pleasant "harbingers of spring?" The nightingale is also entirely an insectivorous bird, and therefore deserves our regard as well for its useful exertions as its delightful song.

On the other hand, the pigeon is almost entirely a graniverous bird, and is one of the most destructive that I know. It is even a mischievous animal, and will destroy the buds of flowers and plants, even where it does not eat them. The partridge is also graniverous and very destructive, as well as the pheasant, which is however less so than the partridge, being in some measure carniverous. Of the small birds, I have found the common house-sparrow most mischievous. It is ruinous to the pease and other plants, reared for seed in the autumn season. Next

to

to the sparrow in this destructive class, I reckon the tom-tit; and, perhaps, most of the hard-billed birds subsist on grain and seeds.

Of our domestic poultry, the common fowls are both graniverous and carniverous; but where they can find grain, they will seldom take the trouble of looking for insects. The turkey and the guinea-fowl are much fonder of insects than common fowls. But there is no animal so useful for destroying insects, as the common duck. I am indeed satisfied, that a farmer would find his account by keeping large flocks of them, and driving them into his corn-fields when the corn is young; and more particularly among the young turnips, which I am convinced are destroyed by the slug, and not by a fly, according to the vulgar notion.

Dr. Lettsom is certainly right, that frost is not such a destroyer of insects, as is commonly supposed. My little garden is greatly infested with slugs: and as I am fond of cultivating curious and beautiful herbaceous plants, I have suffered very severely by them. This, however, I can affirm, that I have found them much more numerous after very severe seasons, than I did last year, which was so remarkably mild. I, however, employed last winter two excellent gardeners of the duck species, and to their indefatigable exertions I might be chiefly indebted for this circumstance. I am, Sir, your's, &c. VARRO.

Jan. 2, 1802.

N. B. Can any of your Correspondents answer this Query:—Is the nightingale really a bird of passage; or is it only *silent* except in the summer season, and from being rarely seen (from its recluse habits) supposed to depart, when it ceases to sing?

GAMBOLS AT HUNTLY LODGE.

An Observer's Letter.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Huntly, Jan. 19, 1802.

GENTLEMEN,

AS you like Christmas gambols, I am tempted to send you the annals of this gay neighbourhood. Our Marquis of Huntly, who is the adoration of all ranks, assembled a large party by sledges, &c. (at the commencement of the great fall of snow in December), in his famed house of hospitality, Huntly Lodge. There they still are, happy themselves, and diffusing happiness to all around. There the ancient feudal system is revived, of keeping open house, with oxen, bread and beer to the poor; fidlers and pipers to enliven the hall, and hogsheads of claret and madeira drank from the cask, by all who share the noble Marquis's hospitable board. Upon her Majesty's birth-day, his Lordship called out the Volunteers of Huntly, who fired in honour of the day, and drank her Majesty's health amidst all the pomp of war. In the evening the Marquis gave an elegant ball and supper, where our gracious Queen's health was drank with three times three. The desert was ornamented with flags, upon which were inscribed the toasts to be given:—"God bless our King and his family; may they long reign over this land of liberty, blessed and blessing a free and happy people."—"Her Majesty! May she see many happy returns of this day, the brightest ornament of her sex. Happy the man who calls her wife; happy the child that calls her mother."—In the middle of the table was a Fame, representing the 92d regiment, with the colours

colours of that corps, and of the 42d, with this inscription:—"The gallant gay Marquis of Huntly, the orphan's help, the widow's stay—The brave 42d and 92d, who have distinguished themselves for honour, fidelity, and courage." —There were many other inscriptions. The bonny Duchess joined in the dance with her son; and only one regret was felt, that the lovely Lady Georgiana could but smile her approbation, having been for some time very unwell.

If you like my letter, I could send you many gay scenes that took place during the festivity of this noble party, among which were horse-races of excellent sport on the race ground, at the Old Castle of Huntly, by the Marquis, Lord Errol, and Sir John Gordon, highly entertaining to the Duchess, Lady Errol, all the gay party of the lodge, and the country around.

Snipes.

Their first appearance in the neighbourhood of Norwich, ascertained in a letter as follows.

To the Editor *of the* Norwich Mercury.

Mr. Bacon,

The season approaching when the Snipe-shooter will be again called into the marsh by the return of his favourite game, permit me to trouble you with a few observations on the period of their return to this neighbourhood: their first appearance with us in any great numbers is early in the month of September, when their stay is merely transitory, stopping for a day or two, or perhaps but for a few hours. They are frequently, at this time of the year, found in large flocks, and in the language of a Sportsman, lay very light: I have sometimes found great numbers on a marsh one day, where I have sought for them in vain the following one. At the latter end of the month of October, we have the greatest number of them around this city, and then they are found more universally dispersed, and afford the Sportsman better amusement than earlier in the season; but immediately the severity of the winter commences they almost entirely disappear, and visit us no more till the month of March, previous to their final departure. During the frosty weather I have often searched the spring ditches both above and below this city, which remaining open and free from ice, I concluded would have afforded them food and shelter, and have scarcely found any, except during the two or three first days of the frost. Do they journey farther South in search of a more genial climate, or do they retire to the rapid rills in the mountainous parts of this island? I should be obliged to any of your readers who could, from their own experience solve this difficulty. In their return I have always found them accelerated or retarded by the forwardness or lateness of the spring, wherefore I endeavoured to discover by what circumstance that period was to be ascertained; for this purpose I consulted the calendar of nature, by remarking the coincidence of the time of flowering of wild plants, and that of the re-appearance of the Snipes. During the month of February, "while yet the trembling year is unconfirmed," I have usually observed a premature arrival of a few of them take place: as in the year 1800, I found several about the 20th of February, but a frost set in a few days afterwards, and again drove them back

—last

—last year between the 10th and 17th, I found a great many Snipes on the marshes, and several Wild-Fowl in the river, during which period the ground was covered with snow.

I looked the same marshes on the 24th, and did not find a snipe. In the month of March they again visit us in large numbers, earlier or later as before observed, according as the spring is early or late. In the spring of 1800, I did not find them return till about the 13th, when they were not very numerous, and accompanied by great number of Lapwings; on the 26th I observed the greatest number, and within a few days most of them began to leave us for other counties, while some few remained to rear their offspring in this county. The spring of last year was very forward, and I observed so early as the 9th of March several Snipes on Mousehold-Heath; and on the 11th there were considerable numbers on the marshes, but they were in flocks and laid very light: by the 27th many had taken their departure, and the Lapwings, Reeves, and Red Shanks, had began to lay.

In the vegetable kingdom I observed on the 25th of March, 1800, the Viola ordorata or March Violet in flower, and at that time the Snipes were most numerous. Last year the violet was in flower by the 5th of March, and on the 9th and 11th I found a great many Snipes both on the heath and marshes.

In 1800, the Ranuncialus Ficaria or Pilewort, began to expand its yellow flowers under warm hedges by the 26th of March, and last year it was so early as the 11th; in both which instances it coincides even to a day with the appearance of the greatest number of Snipes I observed in the spring of those two years. Whether the above coincidences are worthy to be attended to can only be proved by repeated observation; I wish that some of my brother Sportsmen would make their observations upon this subject, and communicate them through your paper.

I fear my letter has already exceeded the limits of a newspaper communication, I therefore beg leave to subscribe myself your's,

Feb. 6, 1802. A SPORTSMAN.

A NEW CURE FOR THE STAGGERS.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IF you think the following circumstance may tend to improve the treatment of a dangerous disease in the horse, and consequently to remove one of the numerous evils to which this valuable animal is liable, you will, I trust, give it a place in your entertaining Magazine.

The disease to which I allude is named, by the farriers, the Staggers. Horses of every description are subject to it; most commonly, however, it attacks those of the draught kind, and frequently proves fatal.

I have just been informed, that a farmer, in the neighbourhood of Canterbury has, in a very short time, had eight valuable horses destroyed by it.

There are two opinions respecting the method of treating this dangerous disease; the advocates for the one supposing that it originates in the stomach, recommend stimulant and antispasmodic medicines; such as, spirits of harts-horn, assafœtida, valerian, &c.; while the other party, considering it as a disease of the brain, arising from an accumu-

accumulation of blood in its vessels, depend, in a great measure, upon copious bleeding, assisted by purging medicines.

It appears to me, that either of these causes may produce the disease; but there will be a difference in the symptoms that will enable us to determine from which source it arises; I believe, however, that the latter cause is by far the most frequent, and that bleeding and purging are, generally, the most effectual remedies.

A few months ago I was consulted in a case of Staggers; the disease had existed three days, and had arrived at that stage, in which, I believe, it has hitherto uniformly proved fatal. All the usual remedies had been employed without effect; and it was considered by every one, as a case in which there was not the least chance of recovery; I determined, however, by way of experiment, to trepan the skull, and divide the dura mater, or membrane which envelopes the brain; the operation was accordingly performed, and, in a very short time after it was finished the horse got up, and fed heartily. This flattering appearance continued about two days, when he became heavy, and at length totally insensible. A week after the operation he died.

Though this experiment did not perfectly succeed, yet the temporary relief it afforded, may perhaps justify us in concluding that, had the operation been performed at an earlier period, the result would have been more favourable.

I am, &c. J. White,
Veterinary Surgeon Royal Dragoons.

Extraordinary Escape.

[An Etching by Mr. Howitt.]

The subject of this Plate is to be found in our Magazine, No. 96, for the month of September, 1800. It is of an occurrence which happened in Provost Stewart's park, near Edinburgh; the man on the ground was pursued by a well-known ferocious bull; he threw himself flat on his back, when the creature coming up, transfixed him with one stroke of his horn, which passed through the belly, close to the borders of the chest, the tip of the horn coming out through the lower part of the chest; so that both chest and belly were opened, and the horn had such a hold upon the lower ribs, as to turn him over before it slipped its hold. He was saved from a second stroke, which would have been fatal, by his dog running at the bull, and catching it by the heel, when the bull ran round the park very furiously; the dog, which was of the small shepherd kind, still keeping his hold.

The sequal of the account states, that the man, after undergoing surgical operation, recovered in about eight days.

A Farmer's Description of the Illuminations in London,

On signing the Preliminaries of Peace, 1801.

The following Letter, from a plain Farmer to his Wife, will evince that the class is not wholly extinct, though very nearly; but as there are yet a few of those useful Members in Society, we may hope that their number will increase, and again become as prevalent as in the days of yore—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Three Nuns, Whitechapel.

My dear Kitty,

Don't be frighted now, for I am safe and well, and write to make you easy, and to drive away the megrims, which so terribly afflict and torment you on every

Extraordinary Escape.

Pub. March 1.1802, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

every little account. Ay, ay, my dear Kitty, I'm safe and sound, only things have gone on a little crossish ever since I left home, as you shall hear, for I am writing to make you easy. You must know then, my dear, that before I got to Master Byfields, I was stopt in my way, by a waggon loaded with straw, lying along the road, and two poor shiftless lads, calling to each other, and scratching their heads, to know what they should do. What shall I do, thought I to myself; 'tis impossible to pass, and I can't make my way over the hedge. I'll do a good turn, said I, now 'tis in my way, and set the poor lads a little to rights. So I jumpt off poor old Sorrell's back, hung her to a bough, and said to the lads, "Come boys, doff your jackets, and I'll shew you what must be done; so to work we went, and in about half an hour set the waggon upon its wheels again. "Now, my lads," said I, "take up half your fallen load, go with that, and come again for the rest; that will be your best and surest way: and when you go out with a waggon again, look to the road, and see whereabout you are going; then cast an eye to the load, to see how it lies. Had you done so this morning, you would have avoided this labour and trouble."

This job flung me back at least four miles. Howsummevor as I had done a neighbourly action, I ne'er minded that, but thought I would gain them again by double diligence. So I rode on pretty smartly. But I was wrong, quite wrong, Dame, as you'll find. The poor beast was full with cold and faint grass; she sweat violently, and soon began to faulter in her pace; she was for lying down under me. Poor beast, said I, you are not well; I have been too much in a hurry; I have rode you too fast; I have committed an error, as well as the poor lads, that I blamed just now. I got her on as well as I could to the next public-house, where I gave the poor jade half pint of gin, to warm her inside a little, and drive out the cold wind that was there: she grew better; gave her some oats, and rested two hours, when she was brisk and lively again, and I thought a little gentle motion would do her no harm. Therefore, I set forward on my journey, rode leisurely as the poor beast was able, and she brought me safe to this place; but it was near dark first, too late for me to do my business, as I intended. Howsommever, Dame, it did not signify much, for had I been here two hours sooner, it had been all one, seeing all London was in a hurly-burly, all noise and confusion, and almost out of their wits; no one thought about business, or any thing else, but noise, music, singing, hollowing, drinking, and garnishing their windows and houses with lights, and making strange and pretty figures, with all sorts of colours. Some had puzzled their brains to make rhymes; but this was to no purpose, for not a rhyme could I see; from one street to another, it was all O, O, Otto, and Groatto, which is but so so.

These O's, Dame, made me think of the field and barn-holders-forth, who make such ado and noise with their great and long O's. But wherever much noise is made, it never fails of bringing folks together. But folks in London I thought had been wiser. Howsommever, I don't find it so, for town and country are much of a muchness. Great and small, old and young, were idling about, making

making an horrible noise, gaping and wondering at the great O's, and fine colours, like so many country clowns.

All this while you, Dame, mayhaps wonder what I'm writing about, and don't know what I mean. You must know then, Kitty, that I chanc'd on the very night of rejoicings and lummerations for the peace—we heard of this peace whilst I was at home, but I had no notion that I should see it lighted into the world, as I did last night. 'Tis a fine sight, said I to myself, and now I'm here, I may as well see a bit more of it. So out I sallied, and went gapping about from one street to another, till I was quite lost, and knew no more where I was than a needle in a bottle of hay. I had no notion of being lost in so much light; but I had wander'd out of the main streets, and was got into the crinkum-crankum parts of London, where there are turnings and windings on every side. I popt into two or three large open places, that were deadly fine and pretty, and pleas'd me hugely. But all this while I was a lost man, and knew no more where I was, or which way to steer, than the man in the moon, as the saying is. I have an English tongue in my head, thought I, I can ax where I be; so, said I, "good folks, will you be so kind as to tell I whereabouts I be?" "That I'll do," said one, "and 'twill give I a great deal of pleasure so to do—you are in London, honest man." "And pray," said I again, "whereabouts be the Three Nuns, and Whitechapel?" "Why," said he, "they used to be on the t'other side London, and may be there still." With that they set up a laugh and a hollow that made my ears to crack again, and the ground to shake under me. I thought folks had had more manners and modesty in London; when, behold, a man came up, and caught fast hold of my hand, and said, "I'll shew you to Whitechapel." "Will you be so kind," said I? "That I will," said he; and with that he threw his arms round me, and gave me such a loving hug. "Stop one minute," said he, "while I step up the lane, to tell my wife what I am about, and away he run." So much kindness brought the water into my eyes, when, feeling for my handkerchief, found 'twas gone. This made me to stare again. I search'd for my purse, and, behold! that was gone too. O, ho! thought I, I'll ax no more questions, but follow my nose as straight forwards as I can, and mayhaps I shall get out of this crinkum-crankum place in time; so off I went as fast as my legs could carry me. The biter was bit, howsomever, Dame, for I had taken special care of my money, and put a few halfpence into my purse; therefore, the loss was but a trifle. After about twenty turnings and windings, I came into a street that looked as tho' it led somewhere. Now I shall get on, said I; but on which side shall I turn? Must it be to the right hand, or to the left? I look'd this way, and that way, then threw up my eyes towards the stars. Oh, Peter, said I, never loose your time in star-gazing, for you must look till day-light before you will know east from west. I turn'd my eyes to the path, and took to the right. I saw something before me, like a house, standing in the middle of the street; and what should this be but a Church. Old friend, said I, if you stand right, I stand wrong. Well, I'll be rul'd by you, for I'm a lost man; so I turn'd about, and

bowl'd

bowl'd away. I saw something high in the air. Mayhaps that's another Church, thought I; I'll make towards it as fast as I can; so I stumpt along the stones, for I could not move in the path, it was so full of folks. "Your boots, master," said one, "have got music in them; you would do well to go on the secret expedition, or to creep up the back stairs." "You are too witty to be wise," said I. "And you," said he, "are in want of a little wisdom." "May be so," said I again; "but I never beg of those who really want themselves." What think you, Dame, of Peter now? Was not I up to'un there? I kept on, and after winding about a little bit, came in sight of the railing of the great Church with the whispering gallery, that you have heard me talk about. At this my heart hopt for joy. Now I'm landed, said I, and shall smell out my way back to the Three Nuns and Whitechapel. I lost no more ground, but was there in a trice.

By this time I was soundly hungry. I got me something to eat, a pot of porter, and a pipe, and went to bed, fully convinced of my being little wiser than other folks; for I had taken a wearisome and foolish jaunt. When a bed I could not sleep, tho' soundly tir'd, the noise so sung in my head, and the light so blaz'd in my eyes all the night thro'.

'Tis now high time to say something about business, and coming home; when people will be settled enough for business, I know not. I shall stay no longer than is absolutely necessary. But don't look for me to-morrow; the day after you may. Go to bed, Dame, at nine o'clock, for firing is scarce, and candles are dear; therefore, go to bed, and shake of the megrims, for I'll take all the care I can of myself; and am, my dearest Kitty, your loving husband till death,

PETER THRIFTY.

NEW METHOD OF GETTING RID OF A POACHER.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, FEB. 11.

THE Attorney-General moved for a writ of Habeas Corpus to be directed to a medical gentleman keeping a house for the reception of lunatics at Newcastle, commanding him to bring up the body of George Robson, in his custody as a lunatic. From the affidavits which he had, he was sorry to say, that the person on whose behalf he moved, was most clearly confined from improper motives, and was no ways insane. He was a member of a volunteer corps, and mustered with his company, after that he went to church, and by the affidavits of people who had known him for twenty years, it was clear that during all that time he had not manifested the least symptom of insanity; yet this man had been committed by two Magistrates, under the provisions of a late Act of Parliament, as an insane person, and dangerous to the public peace to be left at large. Even Dr. Wood himself, in his affidavit in answer to theirs, went not further than to say, that he was "incorrect in his perceptions," which, in his opinion, amounted to insanity.

Mr. Justice Le Blanc observed, that the case had been before him at chambers, and he thought it best to advise that he should be visited by two medical gentlemen, upon whose report the Court would, upon application, know better how to act.

The Attorney-General replied,

 that

that he had been so visited; but one of those persons was the family Physician of the gentleman who made the application to the Magistrate to commit the poor fellow as a lunatic, and he had the affidavits of ten or twelve of his neighbours, who conveyed him to prison (thinking themselves bound to do so under the warrant), but they all agreed that, at that very time, there was not a more sane man existing among the whole of them. With regard to the certificate of the medical men, they stated, that while they were with him he was perfectly calm and very collected in his responses to their questions; yet, nevertheless, they undertook to state that, from facts which they knew, he was "incorrect in his perceptions." He then proceeded to state those facts: the first was, that he went to a place and insisted that the Clerk of the Peace lived there, and demanded a Game Licence. He believed, indeed, this part would explain the whole transaction. In that part of the country some persons might fancy this was a very convenient mode of getting rid of a *poacher*. In point of fact, however, the Clerk of the Peace had lived there for thirty years, but was lately removed, which he did not know, and this was the first proof by the learned Doctors of his "incorrect perceptions."—The next was, that he had said he possessed four houses and gardens at Hexham, but they had been credibly informed that it was incorrect, and he had but one. So, because he had been guilty of a little *bouncing* with regard to the extent of his property, he was supposed to be insane. If that was proof of insanity, they had proofs every day of persons, both within and without that Court, who exhibited the same symptoms.

Mr. Justice Grose said, he thought in this case the writ should be absolute in the first instance, and made returnable before a Judge at chambers.

Account of a Pair of Horse Doctors.

MR. Taylor, the principal, who lately died, at Whitworth, in Yorkshire, was commonly known by the name of the "*Whitworth Doctor*," and his fame was so great as to procure him the honour of attending the brother of Lord Thurlow. The history of this man and his brother, his partner, is singularly curious.

By profession they were *Farriers*, and to the last; if both a two-legged and a four-legged patient were presented at the same time, the Doctor always preferred the four-legged one. Whether singularity of manners, or success in curing, gave them *éclat*, the practice of the two brothers was immense, as may be well imagined from the orders they gave the Druggist; they dealt principally with Embank and Wallis, of York, and a ton of Glauber's salt, with other articles in proportion, was their usual order.

On a Sunday morning the Doctors used to bleed gratis. The patients were seated (often to the number of an hundred) on benches round a room, where troughs were placed to receive the blood. One of the Doctors then went and tied up the arm of each patient, and was immediately followed by the other who opened the vein. Such a scene is easier conceived than described.

From their medical practice the nice formality of scales and weights was

was banished; all was *rule of thumb*. An example of their practice may elucidate their claim to celebrity: being sent for to a patient, who was in the last stage of a consumption, the learned Doctor prescribed *a leg of mutton* to be boiled *secundem artem*, into very strong broth, a *quart* of which was to be taken at proper intervals: what might have been its success is not for us to say, as the patient died before the first dose was got down. As *bone-setters* they were remarkably skilful, and, perhaps, to their *real merit* in this, and the *cheapness* of their medicines, they were indebted for their great local fame.

Wolves, Mr. Dressing the Messenger, &c.

About the middle of the present month, the following Paragraph appeared in the Public Newspapers, and afterwards the Letter under it.

AS Mr. Dressing, the Messenger, was on his journey to Marquis Cornwallis, he was alarmed during the night, not far from Boulogne, by the cries of the post-boy, who called out to him to "fire!" His horses stopping suddenly, he fired a pistol out of each window, thinking he had been attacked by highwaymen; but on enquiry, he found that the boy's outcry was occasioned by two wolves, one of which attempted to bite his leg, but was prevented by the jack-boots worn by French postillions: they then each seized one of the horses by the nose, and had (as appeared on examination) torn their lips off.

FOR THE DAILY ADVERTISER.

SIR,

SEEING it stated in your entertaining Paper, that Mr. Dressing, the Messenger, had been attacked by two wolves near Boulogne, and finding upon my arrival in England, that not only the fact was doubted, but that several persons insisted that no wolves were to be found in Picardy, I beg leave, through your channel, to give my testimony to this extraordinary fact.

I must premise that I am perfectly acquainted both with the person and character of that gentleman, and was an eye-witness of the dreadful situation of the postillion, Mr. D. and the young lady who accompanies him in his journies to and from Amiens, being then at Boulogne waiting for a passage to England.

The lady was taken out of the cabriole lifeless, with the fright occasioned by the sudden discharge of Mr. D.'s pistols; and the postillion's boots, though made of wood, hooped with iron, as is the fashion in France, was nearly bit through. He says he is sure that one of the animals must be wounded, as the blood could be traced all the way from the road to the wood.

I am, Sir, an old traveller myself, having been in almost every part of Europe; but I never thought that wolves were to be found unless among the Alps, the Pyrenees, the back parts of Poland, and the uncultivated forests of the north; nor did I ever hear of their making their appearance, except when literally starved out of their lurking places by severe weather.

Mr. D. however, assures me, that a still more dreadful accident happened to him at the conclusion of Lord Malmesbury's first mission to Paris, when his Lordship thought proper to dispatch a messenger to the Court of Vienna, to announce the termination of that affair. He applied to the Directory for a passport

port, which was granted, accompanied by an intimation, that the *road was dangerous,* for that no person had travelled that way during the war. No less than *eight* of his Majesty's messengers who were there, shewed great reluctance at undertaking this perilous business; when M. Dressing voluntarily offered his services. This spirited act had like to have cost him dear, for, on the fifth day of his journey, about four in the morning, he was alarmed by the cries of the postillion for help, and being awoke from sleep, jumped out of his cabriole. He found the boy attacked by four huge wolves, which every moment threatened him with destruction; but he was incapable of rendering him any assistance, having left his *double barrelled* pistols in the carriage. He instantly sprung back for his fire-arms, with which he laid the four dreadful monsters dead! Now, Sir, from such *respectable authority*, it will, I presume, be impossible for any man longer to doubt, that wolves may not only be found in France, as well as in the forests of Poland and White Russia, but that they abound even in the vicinity of Paris. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

Axe and Gate, JOHN MARTIN.
Westminster, Feb. 15.

THE FEAST OF WIT; *or*, SPORTSMAN'*s* HALL.

A Fellow lately brought before the Magistrates in Bow-street, for stealing a *Game Cock*, urged in his defence, that his Physician had strictly ordered him to eat nothing but *poultry*; upon which *Townsend* neatly observed, that he was sorry his *fowl feeding* would *spur him on* to the study of *Botany*.

Another fellow, a sheepstealer, urged, that from a boy, he was particularly partial to the killing of his *own mutton*.

Fashionable kept mistresses, says a correspondent, affect the air and dress of married women. They wear a ring; and, like the *bad seven shillings*, in circulation, are not to be distinguished from the *good ones* by the *ring*.

A law proctor, calling lately on a miserly character, and finding him extremely ill, advised him to make his will. "Aye," said Gripus, "if you will make it gratis for me." "With all my heart." "Well, Sir, to whom do you leave your fortune." "Leave!—I don't like the word—I'll not leave sixpence to any one." "To whom then, give your wealth?"—"Give!—worse and worse—I'll not give a doit to mortal."—"Then, Sir, the law will find you an heir." "Aye, when it can find my money; but I've taken care to hide it so deep and secure, that nothing but an earthquake can bring it to light."—A fit of coughing now seized him, and the miser made his exit.

Puniana Oxoniana.—A proctor at Merton College, asking a fellow why his old stockings were like *dead men*, the fellow answered because they are *men-ded!*

Anecdote of the former Lord Chesterfield.—An author of merit, but in very indigent circumstances, applied

applied to his lordship for permission to write his life.—"I had much rather you would defer it till after my death," (answered Lord C.)—"I would with all my heart (replied the author), but that I greatly fear I shall die before your lordship."—"Well, Sir, (said the witty lord, judging his meaning from his miserable appearance) one *compliment* deserves another; there are twenty pounds for you to insure your life."—It is needless to observe, that this gift was no less delicately than humanely presented.

Bon Mot by a School-boy.—A Master of an Academy, lecturing lately on morality, observed, "that *he* made the best scholar, and wisest man, who knew the *most good* and the *least evil*."—"Then, Sir, (exclaimed one of his pupils) I perceive that a great part of *wisdom* consists in *ignorance*."

A boy, just got into his Latin Grammar, made an *équivoque* during the late Christmas holidays equal, at least, to many of our *modern punsters*.—Observing his schoolmaster riding up the avenue, he ran and informed his father.—"Yes, child, (said the latter) your master is fond of a glass of *hock*, and is coming to drink a bottle with me."—"Then, Sir, (replied the boy) my master is coming *hic*, upon his *hæc*, to drink *hoc*."

Anecdote of Sir William Jones.—In the year 1782, Sir William made the tour of France: after which, he resided some months in Paris, and was introduced at court. The French Monarch was much pleased with his conversation, and made many enquiries respecting some of the provinces he had travelled through: to all of which he answered him in the particular dialect of each province. After Sir William withdrew, the King turned about to one of his courtiers, saying, "He is a most extraordinary man! he understands the language of my people, better than I do myself!" 'Yes, please your Majesty,' replied the courtier, 'he is indeed a more extraordinary man than you are aware of, for he understands almost every language in the world—*but his own*.'—"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the King, "then of what country is he?" 'He is, please your Majesty, *a Welshman*.'

A Gentleman, who resides a few miles from town, was wedded lately to a dumb Lady. Some married women of his acquaintance, rallying him on the occasion, he replied, "It has ever been my opinion, Ladies, that one of the greatest sweets of matrimony is a *quiet life*—whether *your* husbands enjoy this supreme felicity, I presume not to say."—Wonderful to relate, this sarcasm made his assailants *dumb* for the whole evening.

A Plaintiff, who was nonsuited last Term, comforted himself with the reflexion, that his Counsel, nevertheless, had made a very learned speech in his cause—"Aye (said an acquaintance) the gentleman displayed much *wisdom*, at the expence of your *folly*."

An *Undertaker*, who lately buried his wife with considerable parade, was censured by an acquaintance for going to so great an expence.—"What! (exclaimed the merchant in *sables*) ought I not to set a *good example* to all my neighbours?"

A mistake.—A butcher of some eminence was lately in company with some ladies at a game of quadrille, where, unfortunately, he did not exhibit himself as a very clever fellow. After having lost two or three pools, one of the ladies, addressing him, asked, "Pray, Sir, what are *stakes* now?" to which he immediately replied, "Madam, the best rump I cannot sell lower than ten-pence halfpenny a pound."

Bon

Bon Mot.—A nobleman lately advising his son to keep inferior people at a *distance*, a tradesman, who overheard the admonition, replied, "I am very sorry, my Lord, you did not give the young gentleman this advice before he got so *deeply in my books.*"

A gentleman, known to be as lively in conversation *before* marriage as he was reserved and taciturn *afterwards*, being one day reproached by his wife on the occasion, replied, "My dear, if I must tell you the reason, it is because I think, my lo e, you have *tongue enough for us both.*"

A common-councilman was, a few weeks ago, *hoaxed* into an opinion, that, as a representative of the citizens, he was entitled to ride through the turnpikes free of expence. He next day mounted his nag, to ascertain his *civic privileges*; and asked at the turnpike at the Dog-row, in Mile-end-road, if, as a common-councilman, he had not a right to pass without paying? —"Yes," replied the turnpike-man, archly, "you may pass yourself, but you must pay for *your horse!*"

A French gentleman, travelling in his cabriolet from Paris to Calais, was accosted by a man walking along the road, who begged the favour of him to put his great coat, which he found very heavy, into his carriage—"With all my heart," said the gentleman, "but if we should not be travelling to the same place, how will you get your coat?"—Monsieur answered the man, with great *naiveté*, "*Je serai dedans,*" I shall be in it.

A fashionable Countess, asking a young nobleman which he thought the prettiest flower, *roses* or *tulips?* He replied, with great gallantry, "Your ladyships *two lips* before all the *roses* in the world."

An actor of some humour, whose name we shall not now mention, was lately pressed by his tailor for the payment of a large bill.—The debtor declared himself to be, in the modern phrase, in a state of *impecuniosity*. The tailor, very modestly, asked for a bond, which the other expressed his readiness to grant, provided the matter was kept a secret.—When the bond was brought, it was indignantly torn, and thrown in the tailor's face.—"You rascal," said the indignant comedian, "you promised to keep it secret, and now your paper begins, "Be it *known to all men*, by these presents."

A Pun.—Every body knows Mr. Jekyll's talent for wit and pleasantry. Being at Covent-Garden the other evening, to hear Mrs. Billington in Love in a Village, a friend, sitting with him in the box, asked him, on her appearance, whether that was *Rosetta?* to which the wit replied in the negative, by observing, it was *Grand Cairo!* The allusion was evidently aimed at the *en-bon-point* of the lady, and the comparison between the little village Rosetta, and the size of the Egyptian capital.

Marriage Sermon.—A clergyman being engaged to preach a wedding sermon, took this apposite text, "abundance of *peace* whilst the *moon lasteth.*"

A *Son of Thespis*, being on board a frigate, appeared dreadfully frightened a few minutes previous to an engagement; upon which a sailor, by way of *consolation*, exclaimed — "Cheer up, brother, for you're going to see a most glorious *bloody tragedy!*"

A play-wright, whose piece would bear only, from the nature of the subject, the title of *Once too often*, was deterred lately from presenting it to the manager, by being told, that those critics who are witty on title pages, would certainly cut up his piece the first night, for the sake of observing that—*it was played once too often.*

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A Letter from Petersburgh, December 6, contains the following article :—" The Emperor of Russia has, in the most gracious manner, ordered his pack of hounds to be at the service of the English hunt, twice a week, since the 1st of September. It is in itself an act of great kindness and condescension ; but is much enhanced by the mode in which it was communicated. An officer was sent to the gentleman, who acts as Master of the Hunt, to inform him, that twenty couple of dogs, and three huntsmen (gratis), were at the disposal of the gentlemen composing the English hunt, during the autumn, in consequence of the English pack having been sold during the embargo."

The Woodmen of Boxley-Hill, in Kent, zealous to imitate their superiors in the chase, on Saturday, Jan. 30, turned out, at the Upper Blue Bell, a marten cat, which had fifteen minutes grace before it was pursued by three couples and a half of beagles. After affording an excellent run of two hours and a half, it was taken in a tree, with great difficulty.

On the preceding day, a bag-fox was turned out at Ightham Common, Kent, before Mr. Simpson's harriers, of Fairlawn. He went away towards Seal, and then took over the hills to Kingsdown, and on to Farningham ; there he turned to the right, and went away for Ash, from thence to Grinstead Green ; he then again took off to the right for Hartley, and on to Longfield, Mepham, Nursted, Shinglewell, Cobham, Shorn, and Gravesend, and was taken alive at Milton, near Mr. Gilby's, of Denton, after a chase of between fifty and sixty miles ; he had twenty minutes law.

A most extraordinary feat of active running was performed by Lieutenant Rowan, of the 29th regiment of foot, quartered at Plymouth-Dock Barracks, on the lines there ; the bet was fifty guineas, the match to be performed in forty-two minutes. Lieut. R. dressed in a flannel jacket, set off from Clarence-street, No. 4, at eleven o'clock A. M. a man of war's ten-oared barge was in waiting at Mutton Cove. Lieut. R. crossed the passage, jumped over the barge on the beach, ran up the very steep hill of Maker's Heights to the middle barracks, in presence of several Officers, touched the barrier, ran down the hill, jumped into the boat, crossed the passage again, and returned to No. 4, Clarence-street, in forty minutes, apparently without fatigue. The distance is, exclusive of the passage, two miles and a half to Maker's barracks, and two miles and a half back to Clarence-street.

Conditions of the wager made by a gentleman (not Mr. Shaw as mentioned) to ride against time, have not been correctly given in

the public prints. He has undertaken to go on horseback from London to Barton Water side, in Lincolnshire, a distance of one hundred and seventy-one miles, in twelve (and not fourteen) successive hours. The bet is to be decided some time in the month of March. The gentlemen of the Mouson Hunt accommodate him with their studs; and although he rides fifteen stone, yet his wind and nerve are so highly thought of, that the odds run considerably in his favour. He is to start from the Gray's-Inn Coffee-house, and proceed by the Stilton road.

A match is made for the 1st of March next, for five hundred guineas, between Mr. Oswald and Mr. R. Fletcher, to start each a horse to go one hundred miles, and to have jockies, 8st. each. Mr. Oswald's horse is in fine training at Mr. Pierse's, Richmond, Mr. Fletcher's at Mr. Collinson's, Middleham.

On Saturday evening, the 13th instant, at a quarter before eight o'clock, a Welchman, who is an attendant waterman of the stand of coaches in St. Paul's Churchyard, started, for a considerable wager, from the gate opposite to Ludgate-hill, to run eighteen times from thence round the iron railing, in the space of an hour. He performed it five minutes within the time, and was triumphantly led off to the Spotted Dog, where he was to receive *one guinea*, in case of performing the arduous task he had undertaken.

In consequence of a bet made the beginning of last mouth, for six guineas, a man undertook to run four times round the rails of St. James's Park, in one hour. He set off from the stable-yard gate, round by the Horse Guards, completed the first round in a quarter of an hour, and the three others seven minutes and a half within the limited time. A number of persons were present.

A very extraordinary hare was lately shot by Lieutenant Horseley, of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, in Beeston Fields, in the neighbourhood of Nottingham; she had four teeth in the front of her upper jaw of uncommon length, greatly curved inwards; the ends divided, and sharp-pointed; the two front teeth in the lower jaw were two inches and a quarter long, curved upwards, and one of them so much so, as to make a deep incision between the bone and gristle of her nose, and prevent her mouth from opening to its full width; in consequence of which, it is supposed, her mouth was considerably less than in other hares. Her whiskers were four inches long, which is about two inches longer than usual.

The [illegible] lately shot in the neighbourhood of Ferrybridge, has been exhibited at Doncaster. It has only its thigh broke, of which it has nearly recovered, and is perfectly tame. It is supposed by Naturalists to be a bird of only a year old. One of more than ordinary size was observed hovering about, and seemingly pursuing the course of the river Ayr, near Leeds, a few days ago.

A German Professor, Reiseur, has published a Book, in which he contends for the possibility of guiding a *balloon* by the assistance of *eagles!* Having convinced himself of this first proposition, he proceeds to calculate the number of those birds necessary for a balloon of given dimensions, and to give instructions for preparing, harnessing, and directing them. A few *baiting places* in the *air* are alone

alone wanting to complete this fanciful theorem!

Mr. Wilton, of Wadebridge, Cornwall, lately shot a brace of woodcocks; one of them was of a light fawn-colour, in the body, the wing striped with fawn, black, and brown, the legs and bill milk-white: the other had white wings and a white feather on its breast.

A correspondent informs us, as a very remarkable circumstance, that on opening a partridge, lately, at a gentleman's house, in Stockton, an egg was found therein, which, on examination, proved to be in the most entire and perfect state.

Letters from France state, that the wolves are so numerous in the forest of Marmots, that they have lately devoured no less than thirty horses, fifteen oxen, and a great number of hogs and goats.

Some little time back, as a gentleman was shooting, within a few miles of Newmarket, in crossing a field of turnips a hare got up, which he fired at, and missed, but at the same time killed a leash of partridges, which he did not see on presenting his piece.

A Singular Gun-shot Wound.—On Tuesday, Feb. 2, a young man, belonging to Mr. Giveus, a farmer, near Sunderland, loaded his gun with a piece of slug-shot, in order to fire at a mark upon the barn-door. Unknown to him, his sister, a young woman about twenty years old, was standing in the opposite door-stead; he fired his piece, when unfortunately the shot went through the door, entered his sister's left side, near the back-bone, below the kidney, and came out above the upper part of the abdomen, close under the lowest rib on the right side, without, according to appearance, having done any material damage, either to the kidney, the uvaria, the intestines, or to any of the ribs. The young woman, after being thus shot, was able to walk home, go up stairs, and help to undress herself. The surgeon who attends her has great hopes of her recovery.

A gentleman who answered an advertisement for a partner with money (to the amount of 500*l.*) who should take an active part in a *lucrative* concern, was not a little surprised, on arrived at the place appointed, to find a *bird-fancier* in the midst of his *cages* and *singing companions.* Although the master of the feathered songsters chaunted loudly respecting the gains of the enterprise, and enhanced on the wonderful docility of his scholars, yet the *monied man* would not come down with the *yellow boys* in exchange for *goldfinches* and *water-wagtails.*

Extraordinary Eating.—Three corn porters were drinking together lately, when one of them, for the trifling wager of five shillings, undertook to eat the *worsted stockings* which the other two had on, fried in *train-oil*, and *half a pound of yellow soap*, by way of bread to this delectable ragout. Strange to tell, he won his wager!—The same fellow once before undertook to eat as much tripe as would make himself a jacket; he was accordingly measured by a tailor, and the *material* cut out, when, to the great surprise of every one, he eat up the whole in less than twenty minutes! This is an odd way of *turning a coat.*

The celebrated horse, Grey Diomed, died last year in Russia. He was bred in this country by Sir Charles Bunbury, and afterwards in possession successively of Mr. Fox and the Duke of Bedford. He was purchased, at a very considerable sum, from his Grace, for the

the purpose of exporting to Russia, where he won all the great prizes he started for, and became a very favourite stallion.—The exportation of blood horses from this country to Russia is very considerable, and grey is the favourite colour.

On Sunday, the 14th instant, Mr. H. of the City laid a wager of five guineas that he would cross the river Thames in a washing-tub at high water. About eleven o'clock the next morning he made the attempt, attended by four boats, and proceeded with much dexterity with his paddles until he got into the middle; when, losing his balance, the tub upset, and Mr. H. was immersed in the surge, to the no small entertainment of the spectators.

A wild swan, four feet ten inches high, and seven feet four inches the width of its wings, was shot a few days ago by Mr. W. Clarke, near Brigg, in Lincolnshire.

On Wednesday morning, February 17, died, Thomas Bullock, Esq. in the fiftieth year of his age, a gentleman well known upon the turf, where his loss will be long regretted, as also by a numerous acquaintance, by whom he was much esteemed.

Lately died, at Rheims, in Germany, a woman, at the age of one hundred and two, having had nineteen husbands, and bred up twenty-seven children; she was attended to the grave by one hundred and fifty-three sons, grandsons, and great grandsons; many of the former going upon crutches, or led along blind, or borne down with age. She had herself eight brothers and fourteen sisters, all of whom made good use of their time; so that the old woman was aunt to upwards of one thousand people.

Thursday morning the 11th inst. the following melancholy circumstance occurred at the Blue Door public-house, near Maidstone.—Two men, who had been up all night watching rabbits, under the direction of the Earl of Romney's game-keeper, were sitting in the settle, whilst the game-keeper, who came in, went backwards to paunch one of the rabbits they had taken; in the interim the landlord of the house, Thomas Munn, who had been for some time in a deranged state of mind, took up the game-keeper's loaded gun from a place where he was accustomed to leave it, and suddenly presenting it at one of them, named —— Swift, fired, and lodged its contents in his right breast. The poor man died instantaneously. That evening, and the following, the Coroner's Jury sat on the body of the deceased, and broughtin their verdict, *lunacy*. Munn has since been sent to London, and lodged in a place of security.

In one house at Exeter, last week, there was a wedding, a christening, a churching, and a burial, on the same day.

Longevity in Horses.—Mr. Mann, of [illegible]worth, Cambridgeshire, had a horse that died a few days ago, thirty-eight years old.—At St Ives, the famous horse, Shuffler, died on the 8th inst. thirty-seven years old; and at Woodhurst, Huntingdonshire, Mr. J. Bull had a mare that died on the 9th, that was thirty-six years old.—A mule, which carried part of the baggage of King William III. at the battle of the Boyne, died a few days since in the county of Meath.

A *Sporting Parson,* in the West of England, had the misfortune lately, to lose his *pointer* and his *bible.* In an advertisement of his loss, posted next day upon the church-door, the *bible* is described as *dog-eared,* and the *pointer, lettered* upon the back.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

HUNTING SONGS
FROM THE NEW COMIC OPERA, CALLED
THE CABINET.

CHORUS OF FALCONERS.
(Moorehead.)

TO Horse, my merry companions all,
To horse, to horse, and away!
The sun-beams on the mountains fall,
The woodlark sings, the Falc'ner's call,
And hails the dawning day.

SOLO.—1st Falconer.

The generous steed, so plump and fair,
Impatient, snuffs the morning air.
CHORUS. To horse, to horse, and away.

DUET.—1st and 2d Falconer.

Already her game the falcon spies,
In vain the prey to escape her, tries;
Already she seems to reach the skies.
CHORUS. To horse, to horse, and away.

SONG. LORENZO. (Davy).

IN Britain, the soil which true liberty yields,
Where the lads of the chase leave repose for the fields;
The hunter so happy, bestrides his gay steed,
While distance and danger but add to his speed—
Who, dashing along,
Gives Echo the song,
She, blithely, returns it the whole of the day,
With, hark! the merry horn calls us away.

II.

By exercise brac'd, ev'ry bosom must warm,
And health, joy, and mirth, each assume a new charm;
Dian, Bacchus, and Venus, by turns take a place,
And day and night's joys are the fruits of the chase;
Which, dashing along,
Gave Echo the song, &c.

ON SEEING THE INTERIOR OF WARWICK CASTLE,
Soon after the great Exhibition of Cattle, in Smithfield, 1801.

YE Manchesters! Bedfords! and Tully's*! no more
Boast of fat-sided oxen, and quadruped-store,
Ye are beaten, ye soon will allow;
For Warwick's great Earl, at the next Smithfield-treat,
Will make you *give in*, by a sudden defeat,
From a breed of *the famous Dun Cow.*

CAPTAIN SNUG.

Fairy Camp, Jan. 1802.

POOR HIGHMAN PALATINE!

A jugler's life might elicite from the head of genious, various sparks of wit and humour, moral, and political allusions; but *my* brain is not made of such ætherial compost. If there be any merit in these lines, it must arise from their promptitude,

"*Bis dat qui citò dat.*"

HIGHMAN! I've long admir'd thy sallow face,
Smiling above thy coat with tarnish'd lace;

* One of the first Graziers in England, renting largely, under the Rev. John Phillipps, of Eaton, near Hereford; and brother to the celebrated haberdasher at Bath; the one enriching himself by quadrupeds, the other by bipeds.

Swallowing

Swallowing knives, forks, and spoons, as
they were meat,
Thereby to get *thy daily bread* to eat.
Thy harmless tricks and juggles gain'd thee
praise,
And strong digestion caus'd thee length of
days;
But life no longer could'st thou carry on—
In thine own words:—"Presto," cried
Death, "Be gone."

CAPTAIN SNUG.

Fairy Camp, Jan. 1802.

Mr. Bloomfield, Author of that popular Poem, "*The Farmer's Boy,*" has just published a Collection of "Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs;" from which we with pleasure extract the following:—

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

A BALLAD—FOUNDED ON FACT.

THE lawns were dry in Euston Park,
(Here truth inspires my tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.
Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.
Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But follow'd faster still;
And echo'd to the darksome copse
That whisper'd on the hill;
Where clam'rous rooks, yet scarcely hush'd
Bespoke a peopled shade;
And many a wing the foliage brush'd
And hov'ring circuits made.
The dappled herd of grazing deer
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the Stranger way.
Darker it grew; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.
She turn'd; it stopt!—nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain!
But as she strove the Sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.
Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame:
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting Ghost kept on the same!
She mutter'd many a pray'r!
Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do;
When thro' the cheating glooms of night,
A MONSTER stood in view.
Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It follow'd down the plain;
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her pray'rs again.
Then on she sped: and Hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That *Ghost* and all pass'd through.
Loud fell the gate against the post;
Her heart-strings like to crack;
For much she fear'd the grisly Ghost
Would leap upon her back.
Still on, pat, pat, the Goblin went,
As it had done before;
Her strength and resolution spent
She fainted at the door.
Out came her husband much surpris'd;
Out came her daughter dear;
Good-natur'd souls! all unadvis'd
Of what they had to fear.
The candle's gleam pierc'd thro' the night
Some short space o'er the green,
And there the little trotting Sprite
Distinctly might be seen.
An *Ass's Foal* had lost its dam,
Within the spacious park,
And simple as the playful lamb,
Had follow'd in the dark.
No Goblin he; no imp of sin;
No crimes had ever known.
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.
His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor;
The matron learn'd to love the sound
That frighten'd her before.
A favourite the Ghost became,
And 'twas his fate to thrive;
And long he liv'd and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.
For many a laugh went thro' the vale,
And some conviction too:—
Each thought some other Goblin tale,
Perhaps was just as true.

THE LITTLE GREEN MAN.

A GERMAN STORY.

YE warriors so bold, and ye ladies so gay,
At the Pump-room, at Ty—n's, at
K—g's, or the Play,
Oh never, oh never, be seen;
For the Little Green Man will surely be
there,
The Little Green Man, who delighteth
to stare
So fierce thro' his goggles of green.
The Little Green Man, in the dead of the
night,
Fell in love with a maiden, all gaily bedight
In scarlet, in white, and in blue—
"Come lady, sweet lady, with me come
away,
Fine clothes you shall have, we will play a
fine play,
Come home—I am dying for you!"
"O partner!

"O partner! oh partner! and dost thou not hear,
How the Little Green Man whispers low in mine ear—
To follow him home from the Ball."—
"He is joking, he's joking—I tell you he is,
'Tis only designed as an innocent quiz,
'Tis nothing—'tis nothing at all."

"I love you—I doat on your face so divine,
I must and will have you—and force makes you mine,
Here's a letter will tell you the rest."
"O partner! oh partner! and dost thou not see,
How the Little Green Man, so audaciously free,
Crams a love-letter into my breast!

"My partner! my partner! oh now hold me fast!
He pulls me—he hurts me—he'll have me at last—
Good God! how he tumbles my gown!"
Then her partner arose, and in fury he ran
To the bench where was seated the Little Green Man,
And knock'd him immediately down.

And with Gw——, and with G—e,
And with ten or twelve more,
On the fiend he courageously fell;
And thrice did they kick him around and around,
While the Little Green Man gave a horrible sound,
'Twixt a groan, and a grunt, and a yell!

They hustled him on, with heroic delight,
Now backward, now forward, to left or to right—
While he strove and he struggled in vain!
And his goggles, they say, were crack'd in the fray,
And his garment was rented in twain.

And the Little Green Man made a halt at the door,
And the Little Green Man most terribly swore,
Revenge and destruction to all.
That he'd ravish the maiden, with main and with might,
And challenge the heroes who kick'd him, to fight,
With sword, and with spear, and with ball.

Then ye warriors so bold, and ye ladies so gay,
At the pump-room, at T—n's, at K—g's, or the Play,
Oh never, oh never be seen!
For the Little Green Mon will surely be there,
The Little Green Man who delighted to stare
So fierce, through his goggles of green!

MAT—— W—GR——Y L——I.

THE FORCE OF HABIT, A TALE.

BY TIMOTHY BRAMBLE.

HABITS *are stubborn things:*
And by the time a man is turn'd of *forty,*
His *ruling passion's* grown so haughty,
There is no clipping of its wings,
The truth will best be shewn,
By a familiar instance of our own.

Dick Stryfe
Was a dear friend and lover of the *pipe:*
He us'd to say, *one pipe of Kirkman's best*
Gave life a *zest.*
To him 'twas meat, and drink, and physic,
To see the friendly vapour
Curl round his midnight taper,
And the black fume
Clothe all the room
In clouds as dark as *science metaphysic.*

So still he smok'd, and drank, and crack'd his joke;
And, had he *single* tarry'd
He might have smok'd, and still grown old in smoke:
But Richard *married.*
His wife was one, who carry'd
The *cleanly virtues* almost to a vice,
She was so *nice:*
And thrice a week, above, below,
The house was scour'd from top to toe,
And all the floors were rubb'd so bright,
You dar'd not walk upright
For fear of sliding;
But that she took a pride in.

Of all things else Rebecca Stryfe
Could least endure a *pipe,*
She rail'd upon the filthy herb tobacco,
Protested that the noisome vapour
Had spoil'd the best chintz curtains and the paper,
And cost her many a pound in stucco:
And then, she quoted our *King James,* who saith,
"Tobacco is the Devil's breath."

When

When wives *will* govern, husbands *must* obey;
For many a day
Dick mourn'd and miss'd his favourite tobacco,
And curs'd REBECCA.

At length the day approach'd his wife must die:
Imagine now the doleful cry
Of female friends, old aunts, and cousins,
Who to the funeral come by dozens.
The undertaker's men and mutes
Stood at the gate in sable suits,
With doleful looks,
Just like so many melancholy *rooks.*
Now cakes and wine are handed round,
Folks sigh, and drink, and drink, and sigh,
For grief makes people *dry*;
But DICK is *missing*, no where to be found,
Above, below, about,
They search'd the house throughout,
Each hole and secret entry,
Quite from the garret to the pantry,
In ev'ry corner, cupboard, nook, and shelf,
And all concluded he had *hang'd* himself:
At last they found him—reader, guess you where:
'Twill make you stare—
Perch'd on REBECCA'S *coffin*, at his rest,
SMOKING A PIPE OF KIRKMAN'S BEST.

THE YEAR 1802.

A SONG—BY MR. C. DIBDIN.

Tune—" *Robin and Granny*," Old Lancashire Ballad.

THE comical jokes of these comical times,
Shall furnish the theme for my comical rhymes;
And comical folks, comic features may view,
In this comical year 1802.

Our beaux stuck in boots to their hips I declare,
Look just like Cock and Breeches at Bartlemy fair;
While our belles, in new bonnets, to set off their hair,
First spend all their *cole*, then skuttles they wear.

Once fashion decreed that our beaux should be found
In blue and buff uniform all the year round;
Now they think, to wear *blue* when they please is enough,
While, to keep up the charter, our belles dress in *buff*.

Once our Nobles examples of breeding supplied,
And as Lords of rich manors kept up Britain's pride;
But now a man may, things so strangely will fall,
Make a very good lord with no *manors* at all!

But, speaking of manners, our foes have oft thought,
We Britons are much better fed than we're taught;
But fashion so long has monopoly led,
We've for some time been much better taught than we're fed.

Your cits laugh at courtiers, and courtiers at cits,
And the bone of contention is " wealth *versus* wits;"
But a large piece of beef, suppose London, you'll own,
The cits are the marrow, the courtiers the bone.

May concord all bones of contention soon break,
And on Plenty's marrow a feast Britons make;
May Jack Ketch bone all who would not let us eat,
For " the nearer the bone why the sweeter the meat."

EVENING.—A SIMILE.

BY DR. D——AN.

THE Sun has just set, and now Ev'ning comes on,
Like a widow who mourns when her husband is gone;
But her weeds are put on with so charming a grace,
And the crescent-like moon so enlightens her face,
Her cheeks are suffus'd with such delicate red,
And her twinkling eyes keep such stir in her head;
She is still like a widow, both kind and forgiving,
Who can live for the dead, and yet die for the living.